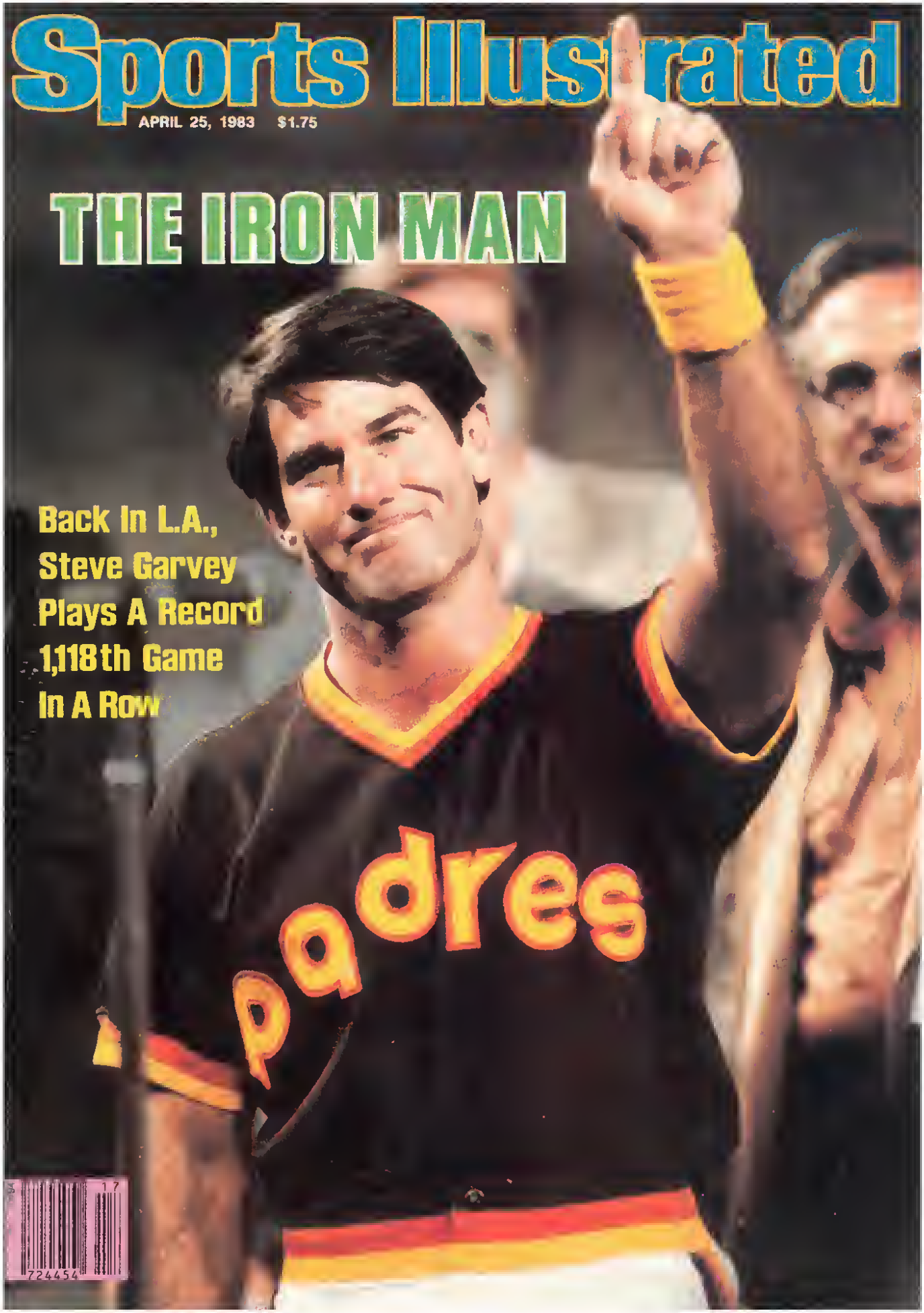
Sports Illustrated
APRIL 25, 1983 $1.75

THE IRON MAN

Back In L.A., Steve Garvey Plays A Record 1,118th Game In A Row




RUSSELL
ATHLETIC
42

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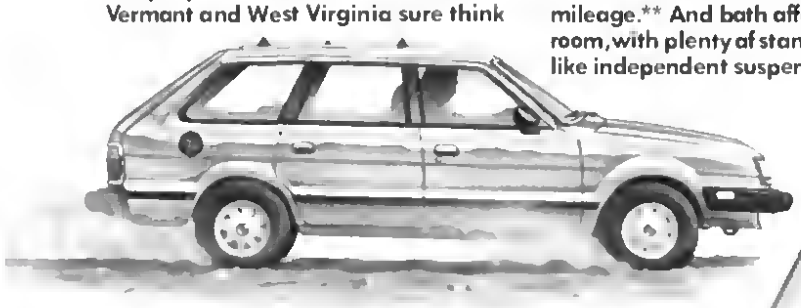
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Sports Illustrated

APRIL 25, 1983 /Volume 58, No.17 **Cover photograph by John McDonough**

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Start looking. See, you and your neighbors should watch out for each other. And when you see something suspicious, call the cops, fast. So the cops can act. Fast.

To learn how to catch a thief—call your local police or sheriff. More on weasels later.



TAKE A BITE OUT OF CRIME

Ad Council

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

An SI copyreader is both a watchdog guarding against lapses in grammar, style and clarity, and a shepherd who guides each story in his keeping from raw to final form. Few people are as good at this demanding craft as Ed Clarke, who became our deputy copy chief last June and who, with extraordinary composure, takes the deadline pressures of the job in stride. Says Copy Chief Betty DeMeester, "Not many people could do this with the gentle touch that Ed has."



CRYPTOGRAPHER CLARKE DECODES EDITS

And not many folks could go word-to-word with Clarke in a spell-off. DeMeester has a deadly spelling test on which over the last 20 years she has given 85s to top-notch copyreaders and 77 to a managing editor or two, but only one 100—to Clarke. That was in 1976, and she hired him forthwith.

When it comes to deciphering editors' pencil marks, Clarke has special qualifications. In 1945, when he left his hometown of Newport, R.I. to join the Army Air Corps, he scored well on a classification test and found himself lending a hand to two overworked cryptographers at Kimpo Army Air Base in Korea. No one complained that he hadn't had the customary 16-week training course, but after several months someone did notice that he lacked Top Secret clearance. He was reassigned, but that experience led to another job 15 years later, when Clarke was looking for a change of pace and RCA was looking for cryptographers to handle coded messages going to and from a ballistic-missile early-warning radar site in Thule, Greenland.

A lifelong sports enthusiast blessed with a prodigious memory, Clarke had gotten to sleep at night in his grade school days by calling up the names of major league baseball players, all 400 of which he knew. He earned a B.A. in literature and social sciences from Yale and won the award for the best short story by a senior. He first worked in Hollywood, writing scripts for radio commentator Phillip Norman and copy for Tom Harmon's weekly TV show of college football highlights, plus editing newspaper columns for an astrologer, who spotted him immediately as a Sagittarian. "I would have said he was a Capricorn," says Copyreader Sylvia Stauh, our own resident astrologer, "but that's because Saturn rising is a restraining factor, camouflaging his Sagittarian flair. He's one of the most decent persons I've ever known. The prominent Saturn gives him great patience and unusual organizing ability."

Clarke traded the "easy life" on the Coast for that of a TelePrompTer script processor for live TV in New York, working on a variety of soaps and on Huntley-Brinkley newscasts. He also wrote "dozens of first chapters" for a novel. Then he headed for Greenland. It was after his Thule days that he left for Europe to write an ending or two. As the only planes from Greenland landed in Copenhagen, he started there.

The novel was never completed, but Clarke spent most of five years in Denmark and in 1967 met his wife-to-be, Inga, in the bookstore where they both worked. The next year he returned to New York and worked as a copy typist and proofreader for LIFE and a copyreader for TIME-LIFE BOOKS before joining SI, where, all agree, we are lucky to have a Sagittarian like him. Especially since he can spell it.

Philip D. Howlett

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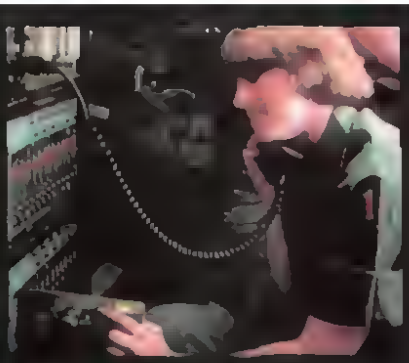
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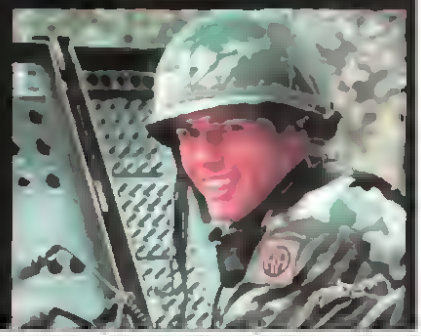
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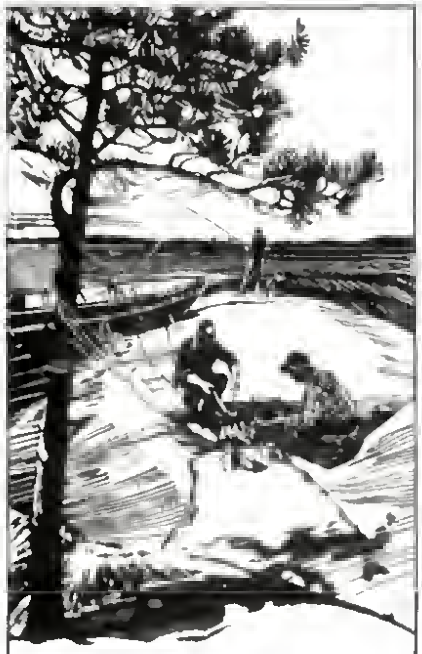
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Sideline

by FRANZ LIDZ

IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE SCORE, SPORTS PHONE SERVICES WILL GIVE IT TO YOU

In 57 seconds, Rickey Henderson can circle the bases a couple of times and Howard Cosell can just about get through half a sentence. Fifty-seven seconds is roughly the time unit into which two telephone sports information services sausage the entire major league baseball scoreboard, the results of a couple of tennis matches, the latest on who George Steinbrenner got from whom and occasional micro-mini-interviews. Fifty-seven seconds is what you get when you call from home or put a dime into a pay phone and dial one of three regional Sports Phone franchises. For half a buck you can call Dial-It, the only national service, from anywhere in the country and get a 59-second slice of sports.

Sports Phone and Dial-It have boiled the sports world down into 57 and 59 seconds because the FCC measures message units in 60-second intervals. Both services lop off a few seconds to give the caller time to hang up. And though compressed, the format has been a tremendous success, for both Ma Bell and the two services. New York's Sports Phone received 40 million calls last year. The Pennsylvania-based Dial-It draws about 350,000 calls a week from across the nation. On one football Sunday last October, Dial-It got about 130,000 calls.

This isn't just home-team *angst*. Bettors want to know the scores, and on Dial-It they get odds and point spreads, too. In addition, both services provide quick information on the big stories in sports. The more play a sport gets in print, the more it gets over the phone. Both services update their messages every 15 minutes when football or baseball games are on. In order to stay as current as possible, both services have data banks from which they can retrieve relevant statistics, WATS lines for getting updates on scores and wire service feeds for keeping up with breaking stories—injuries, retirements and the like.

New York Sports Phone has been spouting scores off and on since 1973 out of the 15th floor of a 57-story Manhattan skyscraper occupied mostly by rug merchants. Sports Phone is a subsidiary of Phone Programs, Inc. and employs 50 people in its Chicago and Detroit franchises, in addition to New York City.

Phone Programs also puts out Children's Story, a condensation service that has produced a miraculous squeezing of *Moby Dick's* more than 550 pages into 57 seconds, barely enough time to identify the beast, let alone call anybody Ishmael. Dial-It offers six non-sports programs—including news on soap operas and the Dow Jones Report—locally in Philadelphia, and will soon expand to nine other cities.

But condensing *Moby Dick* is nothing for an outfit that has produced an all-star chatterer like New York's King Wally, né Mike Walczewski, the first sports telephone announcer to stuff 30 college football scores into 57 seconds. He has developed something of a following for his rapid-fire delivery. (Other Sports Phone announcers sound like LPs played at 45 rpm; King Wally sounds like 78.)

Sports Phone gets most of its scores from stringers, runs them through a computer in New York and feeds them to its two other outlets. Dial-It began as a cottage industry about three years ago in a two-car garage in Huntington Valley, Pa. Mickey Charles runs Dial-It as something between an athletic dorm and a summer camp. "We're total sports degenerates," he says. He calls his 35 operators, all of whom have journalism degrees, his "boys," provides them with showers and a basketball court and lets them bunk overnight during the height of any sport's season.

They've evolved their own kind of phone journalism. "The average interview lasts about 15 seconds," says Garry Sklut, co-program director at Dial-It. "If a guy is telling us a story that's really unbelievable, we give him 30 seconds, max." Fifteen seconds isn't exactly Red Smith, and 30 seconds isn't Herman Melville.

As popular as the sports information services are, they're basically a phone company marketing device to sell more message units. New York Sports Phone achieves a kind of triple play with its late-morning trivia quiz. You have to use a second message unit to answer the question and then a third to find out if you were right. A prize—tickets, books or an autographed basketball—goes to the winner. END


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STATS

by JOHN GROSSMANN

TO GET A GOOD GRASP OF THE GAME, KEEP A SCORECARD AT THE BALL PARK

There are two kinds of baseball fans, those who keep scorecards and those who don't. The latter, unencumbered by score sheets and pencils, no doubt have an easier time hailing vendors and are able to keep a better grasp on their beers and their hot dogs. Devoted scorecard keepers, however, invariably have a better grasp of the game.

To the uninitiated, a much-penciled baseball scorecard must seem like a manuscript done in cuneiform; there are so many numbers and letters, dots, circles and shaded corners in box after box. Yet in the hands of an expert, a well-kept scorecard is a thing of beauty. It can capture the dramatic pulses of the game as no garishly lighted scoreboard can. Tended with imagination and precision, a scorecard can help unravel some of the game's complexities and, from time to time, can even assist in predicting upcoming action.

A few years ago in County Stadium, Milwaukee, the Brewers were playing the Orioles. Late in the game the Brewers were ahead 1–0. At bat for Baltimore was Al Bumbry. The count: 2 and 0. In the press box, *Washington Post* baseball writer Tom Boswell studied his scorecard and noticed that an earlier batter, Rick Dempsey, had fouled off six two-strike pitches. The Milwaukee pitcher, seemingly tiring from throwing all those fouled-off pitches, was having difficulty getting his curve over. And, first time up, Bumbry had flied out to the fence in left on a 2-and-0 fastball. "This pitch, left-field bleachers," Boswell brazenly announced to his colleagues as he looked up from his scorecard. Unfortunately, he didn't back his prediction with a couple of bucks, because a second later the ball cleared the fence in left. Score one for scorecards.

Look over the shoulders of a few scorecard keepers and you'll find nearly as many systems and idiosyncratic notations as you will scorecards. Some systems employ inks of various colors. Others might be dubbed Space Invaders, because they usurp the righthand totals columns (AB, R, H, RBI, etc.) for other functions. And some systems are so complicated you almost need a cryptographer to decode them.

No matter how inventive, most scoring systems adhere to a few basics, notably the 1 to 9 numbering of the field positions and the various letter combinations used to record a batter's history at the plate. Traditional abbreviations include BB for base on balls, FC for fielder's choice, HR for home run, SF for sacrifice fly, DP for double play (for example, DP 6–4–3 indicating a twin killing short to second to first) and the dreaded K for strikeout. The last seems an unlikely abbreviation, but it's well-rooted in history.

The father of the baseball scorecard, Henry Chadwick, was also the father of the K. Writing in the 1860s for a seminal baseball publication called *Beadle's Dime Base-ball Player*, Chadwick laid out the game's first scoring system. He numbered the players on the field (a bit differently from the way it's done today) and assigned letters to "record the movements of each player . . . A—put out on first base, B—put out on second base . . . F—put out by fly-catches . . . LD—put out by bound catches [of a foul ball. At that time, any batted ball caught on one bounce was a putout], RO—put out between the bases, HR—home run, and K—put out by three strikes." He went on to say, "The above, at first sight, would appear to be a complicated alphabet to remember, but when the key is applied it will be at once seen that a boy could easily impress it on his memory in a few minutes. The explanation is simply this—we use the first three letters of the alphabet to indicate the three bases, the first letter of the words 'Home' [and 'Run'] and 'Fly,' and the last letter of the words 'Bound,' 'Foul' and 'Struck.' " So, K for strikeout.

A contemporary of Chadwick's, a reporter for *The New York Herald* named M.J. Kelly, is said to have personalized a system so detailed that he not only could pinpoint errors but could also distinguish at a glance between a "slight muff," a "bad muff," a "total miss" and a "total miss that was mitigated by a good attempt." Kelly went so far as to consider how hard a ball was hit and even how many bounces it took before being fielded. As for balls that bounced too many times to be counted, Kelly even had a name for them—"daisy cutters."

continued

"STRESS BURNOUT?" Find out if you have it, why you have it, and how to combat it.

Think a moment. Do you know the *true* meaning of the word "stress?" Most people think of stress only in emotional terms. But in fact, stress has powerful physical effects as well. As such, it bears directly on good physical health and well being.

"Stress Burnout" occurs when, as a result of physical stress or lack of proper nutrition, your body does not get the vitamins it needs.

To determine if you're heading for "Stress Burnout," it is first necessary to understand physical stress itself. Then, the vital role nutrition plays as a weapon against it. And, finally, certain critical "Stress Burnout" factors we'll discuss later.

"Stress Burnout" Explained.

In a sense, everything we do—just being *alive*—is stressful. But the level and kind of stress—and its demands on our bodies—varies widely with individual activities and life-styles. From a physical standpoint, running in a marathon might seem more stressful than running for a bus. But how the stress event affects *you* depends a lot on how well you handle it. Because the more stress you're under, the more demands you make on your body. If your nutrition is not adequate, "Stress Burnout" can be a result.

To help meet the challenges of "Stress Burnout," a higher nutritional potency has been built into Beminal Stress Plus™ vitamins. In fact, Beminal Stress Plus vitamins have 17% more vitamin C, 66% more vitamin B_1 and 100% more vitamin B_{12} than the well-known Stresstabs® 600 with Iron.

How old are you?

Nobody is immune. Because "Stress Burnout" can affect your health whether you're 18 or 65. Young adults engage in a variety of activities—many that affect their physical well-being. The daily physical demands made on parents are no less significant. And the overall well-being of older people could be jeopardized due to decreased levels of food intake and activity. That is why Beminal Stress Plus concentrates heavily on the B vitamin group. To provide the necessary nutritional protection—whether you're 18 or 65.

"Stress Burnout"—do you have it?

From the instances given, you can begin answering the question yourself. For example, the physical drain on a football player might make him seem a more likely candidate for "Stress Burnout" than a librarian. But a librarian might exercise regularly after work, for example, not realizing the added activity may increase the need for vitamins and minerals. So both the football player and librarian are subject to varying degrees of physical stress. And both could suffer from "Stress Burnout."

In addition to simple physical activity, other important factors can dramatically affect the needs of a football player, a librarian—or *you*. Factors studied closely in the formulation of Beminal Stress Plus vitamins. A formulation distinguished by more nutritional strength—Burnout Strength—in the areas mentioned than Stresstabs.

The hidden effects of smoking, drinking and dieting.

Every time you relax with a cigarette or a drink, you're actually increasing the risk of "Stress Burnout." Because smoking and drinking are "stress events" that increase your need for vitamin intake. Compared to Stresstabs, Beminal Stress Plus contains higher dosages of vitamins C, B_1 and B_{12}—important in vitamin restoration following even moderate tobacco and alcohol use when combined with inadequate nutrition.

Similarly, when you diet, you stand to lose more than just weight. Namely, valuable nutrients your body needs to maintain health. A vitamin supplement such as Beminal Stress Plus supplies the necessary nutrients you may not be getting while dieting.

Still other stress factors affecting the nutrition of millions of people include infections and long- and short-term illnesses. Each can contribute heavily to stress—and "Stress Burnout."

Stress Management. One day at a time.

Add it up. Are you heading for "Stress Burnout?" Do you think you *might* be?

Consider Beminal Stress Plus. Beminal Stress Plus vitamins are a protective step you can take to fight the nutritional risks that may lead to "Stress Burnout." A step you can take to start each day.

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museum collections

Today's observers of the game are equally diligent. Roger Angell of *The New Yorker*, perhaps the most celebrated baseball writer in the land, makes note of so-called "eye" hits, those that find their way between fielders, by drawing two small circles beneath his pencil stroke for a base hit. The notation, he readily admits, was borrowed from Henry Hecht of the *New York Post*. So it goes. If there's one constant in the varied fraternity of scorecard keepers, it's their willingness to share both their systems and their thoughts on the significance of scorecards.

"I can't enjoy a game without scoring it," says Stanley Grosshandler, a Raleigh, N.C. physician who, before making a visit to a ball-park restroom, hands his scorecard to one of his sons or a friend well schooled in his methods. Grosshandler has a collection of some 320 scorecards, arranged by city, dating back to 1936, to the first game he ever attended (Phillies 4, Dodgers 3). He finds the old scorecards a pleasure to peruse. "I've got myself a memento of every game I've ever seen," he says. "Not only did I see Lou Gehrig play, but I can tell you exactly what he did." Among his most cherished scorecards is one from Aug. 11, 1961. It notes that he was one of the 40,775 fans in County Stadium who witnessed Warren Spahn's 300th victory, a six-hitter, won 2 to 1 thanks to an eighth-inning home run by Braves Centerfielder Gino Cimoli. Except for adhering to his childhood habit of noting a strikeout as SO, Grosshandler keeps a pretty conventional scorecard.

Boswell, though, is a Space Invader. Long before the end of the game, he has filled "those useless, empty spaces to the right" with check marks and Xs denoting whether a pitcher was ahead of or behind the batter. He then records the final count. It was this system that helped him predict the Bumbry home run. "I do it for the one time in 20 that it's interesting," says Boswell. "This past summer Scott McGregor of the Orioles threw 23 consecutive strikes in a game. Now that's interesting, especially if you're the only one in the ball park who knows it. On the next to last Saturday of the season in Milwaukee, Baltimore's Jim Palmer got the last 17 outs on 27 pitches. The players watch the game with enormous intensity. They love the game at precisely this level. I think it's important to try to watch the game as closely as the players do."

continued



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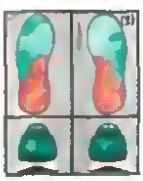
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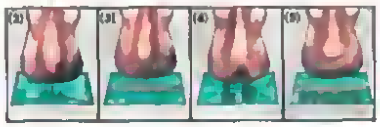
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Sportswriter Peter Gammons of *The Boston Globe* typically "draws" the play right around the diamond printed on the scorecards he uses. He's thankful for his extremely small handwriting—"I could write a novel on the back of a postcard," he says—because within each box he pinpoints the location of the batted ball, although even he must monitor the count to the batter on a separate sheet of paper. His Fenway Park scorecards are frequently spotted with 7Ws and 7-8Ws, denoting hits off the green monster, as the wall in left (7) and left-center (7-8) is known. Balls caught on the warning track are indicated by a WT. "One game I noticed that the Red Sox outfielders caught nine balls on the warning track," Gammons recalls of a game played at the Texas Rangers' Arlington Stadium. "So I asked the Red Sox pitcher, Dennis Eckersley, about it after the game. 'Luckiest shutout I ever pitched,' he said."

Like many scorecard keepers, Gammons highlights outstanding plays with a star. "Once in a while, if I'm emotionally carried away, I'll put in two stars," he says, admitting to just such an excess after Dwight Evans hauled in Joe Morgan's deep fly (9WT) in Game 6 of the '75 World Series. Three years later his symbols froze another pivotal play. Beside his mark for a home run Gammons wrote 7S. The S might also have stood for silence. Fenway Park was eerily quiet as that play unfolded—Bucky Dent of the Yankees had just hit his fateful playoff home run into the screen.

Bill James, the statistics fanatic who annually cranks out his analytical *Baseball Abstracts*, uses so many intricate notations that his score sheets are about as easy to read as a bowl of alphabet soup. James admits that some of what he does "has gotten cumbersome" but says he continues using his complex system because "detailed scoring sharpens your focus on the game, so that you start seeing things that you weren't seeing before." How detailed? "One thing I almost always do is to score hits according to where they land on the field," James says. "An s4 is a single hit up the middle, between the second baseman and the shortstop. [His system assigns a 1 to an infield hit, a 2 to a hit between the first baseman and the line, a 3 to a hit between the first and second baseman, and so on around the field, to 16.] A 2b16 is a double hit between the rightfielder and the rightfield line."

On a James scorecard an infield hit, as you might imagine, is rarely left as an unadorned s1. James squeezes in s1.1b to record a bunt single fielded by the pitcher. He writes s1.5c for a chopper fielded by the third baseman. And he pencils in s1.4t to note a tap gathered up too late by the second baseman. He has, of course, a system for recording the game pitch by pitch to indicate if the pitcher is getting ahead of or falling behind the hitters and to show which batters consistently swing at the first offering. A typical notation of defensive positioning is *BAD44(GL)*—13G. Taking a deep breath, James explains, "That means the infield is back, the outfield deep, the centerfielder a little around to right with a gap in left, and the first and third basemen are guarding the lines." The 44 refers to degrees, as in one less than 45, which to James means straightaway center. It's obvious that he pays strict attention to the game. "My head is never down when the ball is in play," says James.

The scorekeeper's dilemma—write or watch—rarely troubles diehard Red Sox fan Scott Russell. Russell, a 38-year-old tax accountant for a liquor wholesaler, scores every Boston at bat throughout the season—much of the time he works from tapes he has made of radio broadcasts of away games and home games he cannot attend. On Sunday mornings, when most of Boston is sleeping or brunching, Russell may score as many as three games "stacked up" like planes over Logan Airport. "I love baseball, and I like to create strange types of statistics to try to prove a point," he says. "Last season I tried to ascertain just how important it was for certain pitchers to get ahead of the hitters. I found that for Mike Torrez it really didn't seem to matter, but for Dennis Eckersley, the statistic was very meaningful. He's a much better pitcher when he's ahead of the hitters. He really punches them out then."

Russell employs a few tricks, such as circling outstanding plays, adding exclamation points if the play was better than outstanding and writing a backwards "K" to distinguish called third strikes. Even so, he's probably as pure a scorecard lover as you're likely to find. "Scorecards help reinforce the beauty of baseball," he says. "No two games are ever alike, and with each card I start I realize that something may happen that has never happened before in baseball. If it does," he says, "I'll have it written down." END



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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE $95 MILLION SWEEPSTAKES

Last week's $49.2 million treble-damages antitrust assessment against the NFL for its role in trying to prevent the Oakland Raiders from moving to Los Angeles isn't the last word in that seemingly endless case. Still pending are 1) the NFL's appeal in federal court of the verdict last May that resulted in the aforementioned damages award to the Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission; 2) the trial, scheduled to begin on May 16, of the city of Oakland's eminent-domain suit to return the Raiders to that city; and 3) Congressional action on a newly introduced bill to grant an antitrust exemption to the NFL that would force the Raiders back to Oakland.

As all this activity indicates, the Raiders' relocation to L.A. could still be reversed, and Al Davis, the club's managing general partner, knows it. Sensing the NFL's hand in the eminent-domain suit and the antitrust legislation, Davis last week called the league "the most powerful force in America." But Davis himself hasn't exactly been a pushover. He has won every important round in the protracted battle so far, and if he should beat back the remaining challenges and keep the team in L.A., his defiance of the NFL could wind up costing the league damages of $34.6 million to the Raiders and $14.6 million to the L.A. Coliseum, $10 million or so in interest on those sums, something like $25 million for its own legal fees and perhaps another $10 million if, as is likely, it is ordered to pick up the bill for the Raiders' lawyers.

The above costs total roughly $95 million. What's more, Davis doesn't think his team should have to pay its 1/28 share of any such liability. Accordingly, he's now talking about suing the NFL over that matter, too. Obviously, unless the NFL can reverse its luck in court or in Congress, it will end up paying a high price indeed for trying to keep a maverick in line.

WINNING IN A WALTZ AND A PIROUETTE

It may not have been a coincidence that the Philadelphia 76ers danced into the NBA playoffs with a 65–17 regular-season record. The Sixers, after all, have used a ballet instructor named John Kilbourne throughout the season as a flexibility and coordination coach. Kilbourne did graduate work at UCLA under the noted prima ballerina Mia Slavenska and, while there, helped condition the 1979-80 Bruin team that went to the NCAA Final Four. He later conducted clinics for the Portland Trail Blazers and Phoenix Suns and moved to Philadelphia last September to work with the 76ers. He also teaches part time at the Philadelphia College of the Performing Arts.

Kilbourne conducts workouts before every Sixer practice and oversees stretching routines on game days. The purpose of the workouts, which last 20 minutes and include dance moves to music by Aretha Franklin, among others, is to help the players become more limber, jump higher and avoid injury. By having the players move together rhythmically, Kilbourne also believes he helps them "concentrate as a team." Philly Coach Billy Cunningham is all for the ballet instruction. "What sold me is the way the players responded and did the exercises," he says. "In the past we did some flexibility training, but a player always led. With supervision, it's much better." All of which is vindication of sorts for Kilbourne, who took up dance only after being cut from his high school basketball team

REELING IN A BIG PRICE

"And now the book we've all been waiting for," intoned auctioneer George S. Lowry of Manhattan's Swann Galleries one afternoon last week. The tome in question, lot 439 in the Robert Buckmaster collection of sporting books, was billed in the catalogue as "the most famous of all books on fishing," a first-edition copy of Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, published in London in 1653. The genteel cast of characters on hand, who looked as though they might have gathered to audition for an Agatha Christie play, stirred. Their number included Colonel Henry A. Siegel, the snuff-sniffing proprietor of the Angler's & Shooter's Bookshelf in Goshen, Conn., resplendent in a bold tweed hacking jacket; a rumpled publisher; several men in leather elbow patches; a bookseller whose luxuriant mustache and beard completely covered his lower face and upper chest; a Canadian enthusiast who bids under the name of Rising Trout and the white-thatched Buckmaster himself, a retired trial lawyer and broadcasting tycoon who serves as a trustee of the Museum of American Fly Fishing.

Many copies of the first edition of *The Compleat Angler* are in miserable condition, and so, despite a few shaved headlines and stains, among other flaws, the copy up for sale at Swann was described as "a fine and unusually large copy." In addition, the book had formerly been in the renowned angling library of salmon expert and author Dean Sage and bore his piscatorial bookplate giving it further provenance of some distinction. When



put up for auction at the Sage estate sale in 1942, the book was bought for $975 by the celebrated antiquarian bookseller, Dr. Abraham Rosenbach, an ardent fisherman and a man who drank a bottle of whiskey a day. Rosenbach's widow then sold the book through a dealer to Buckmaster. In its presale estimate, Swann figured the book would bring $6,000 to $9,000.

The bidding opened at $6,000. An early bidder was Dr. Rodolphe Coigney of Manhattan, a former director of the World Health Organization, who had sold a large part of his angling collection at Swann three years ago. The French-born epidemiologist, who recently wrote

continued

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STEPHEN GRAHAM [redacted]

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Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One doughter

interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering far United Way

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Ad Council

SCORECARD *continued*

a chapter for a book that the Walton Foundation in England is publishing this year to mark the tercentenary of Walton's death, has 625 copies of *The Compleat Angler*, but his collection lacked the first edition. He dropped out when Judith Bowman, a dealer from Bedford, N.Y., bid $7,000. The bidding rose to $9,800, then $10,500, $11,000, $11,500 as Mrs. Bowman went head to head with John Daniels, a collector from Hamel, Minn. Daniels raised the amount to $12,500, but quit when Bowman came back with what proved to be the winning bid. "Thirteen thousand dollars, Bowman," Lowry announced as the crowd burst into applause over the highest auction price ever paid for a single Walton. Said a happy Bowman, who bought the book for a client, "I was prepared to go higher."

ABOUT THOSE WHITE HOUSE VISITS

The NCAA played the spoilsport last week by preventing North Carolina State's national championship basketball team from visiting President Reagan at the White House. Under a longstanding NCAA rule, schools are prohibited from underwriting postseason trips by athletes unless it's to accept a recognized award, or the distance traveled is less than 100 miles. Because a Presidential ceremony doesn't qualify as an award in the ordinary sense and because Raleigh is 260 miles from Washington, a university-financed trip, said the NCAA, was off. A Raleigh TV station, WRAL, then offered to pay for the trip, but by the time the NCAA got around to deciding whether the Wolfpack could accept the offer, the White House had to cancel the invitation because of other commitments. The NCAA finally ruled that the TV station couldn't have financed the trip in any case. The Wolfpack settled for receiving the President's congratulations via a satellite hookup over WRAL.

Bill Hunt, the NCAA's assistant executive director of enforcement, makes his organization sound a little less like a grinch than it might have appeared at first blush. Hunt points out that the rule's main purpose is to prevent costly postseason trips undertaken to generate publicity and thereby help teams in recruiting. Although White House visits are undeniably special occasions, Hunt argues that they could and surely would be used for publicity and recruiting purposes. He

continued


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THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK

also notes that they might not reflect a sincere Presidential desire to honor a championship team as much as they do the amount of clout wielded by politicians from the team's home state. The White House's invitation to the Wolfpack basketball team was arranged by North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms, whose popularity among home-state voters has been at a low ebb and who figured to get a p.r. boost from the visit. If the White House genuinely wanted to honor national champions, asks Hunt, why didn't it extend invitations to others such as Penn State's football team, Wisconsin's hockey team or USC's women's basketball team?

Unfortunately, the NCAA hasn't exactly done a great job of enforcing the rule. Trying to show that the rule had been enforced evenhandedly, Hunt claimed that Indiana's 1976 basketball champions had been prevented from visiting President Gerald Ford; in fact, the Hoosiers *did* visit Ford, and an Indiana official said last week that the trip was made with NCAA approval. Last year two members of Clemson's national champion football team visited Reagan at the White House, but Tiger authorities said that it wasn't until the flap over North Carolina State's proposed trip that they realized that such junkets were forbidden. Hunt said that the NCAA had only now learned of the Clemson visit.

The uneven enforcement of the rule is matched only by the Catch-22 manner in which it was interpreted in the North Carolina State case. The NCAA's decision that WRAL couldn't pay for the White House visit was based on the fact that the rule is meant to apply to representatives of a school's "athletic interests" as well as to the school itself, and one NCAA official said that if WRAL hadn't been such a representative *before* it made the offer, it became one "by the very act."

Perfectly clear, Wolfpack fans?

THE EARS HAVE IT

At the crack of the bat the centerfielder turns to his left, takes four or five long strides and hauls in the ball in the right-centerfield alley on the dead run. Analyzing this seemingly routine athletic feat of catching a fly ball, scientists have generally assumed that the fielder accomplishes it by visual means. By watching the flight of the ball, he somehow solves the trigonometric problem that allows him and the ball to arrive at the same spot at the same time. But now it turns out, according to the current issue of *Scientific American*, that those scientists may be wrong.

The magazine takes note of a study by physicist Peter Brancazio of Brooklyn College that found that air resistance commonly distorts a fly ball's trajectory so as to make it impossible for a fielder to determine how fast and in which direction to move simply by watching the ball's flight. When Brancazio studied how people ascertained the position in space of a moving object, he observed that they moved their heads as well as their eyes in following it. This gave him his answer. The key factor, he concluded, was not visual information but signals from inner-ear sensors set off by movements of the head. In other words, says Brancazio, "We may actually be judging fly balls by ear."

So now coaches can holler at rookie outfielders, "Keep your ear on the ball, kid."

PINE YALLEY YES, OLYMPUS NO

Last May, ABC-TV executives announced with appropriate fanfare that the network intended to carry 207½ hours of prugramming on the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles. That would have been by far the most extensive Olympics coverage ever. The Games would have been on from 10:30 a.m. until 2 a.m. EST each broadcasting day, save for a 90-minute breather from 5:30 to 7 p.m. for the news and a similar half-hour respite from midnight to 12:30.

ABC has now decided to cut back its schedule by about 10%. During the first five weekdays, July 30 to Aug. 3, the games will be off the air from 2 to 4 p.m. EST. During the next five weekdays, Aug. 6 to 10, they will disappear from 1 to 3. Was concern about possible overexposure of the Olympics the cause of the cutback? Hardly. The reason was that indestructible American institution, the soap opera. ABC decided it had only one life to live during the daytime hours, and that if the soaps weren't shown, at least in abbreviated form, the network's daytime ratings would be in the general hospital. If that happened, all my children couldn't put those ratings together again. And nobody at ABC, let alone Ryan, would have much hope.

"We were concerned about audience defections [from the soap operas]," says John Lazarus, vice-president for sports sales. "It was done for the good of the corporation. Sports didn't object because we knew the importance of keeping continuity in the afternoon. Nobody wanted to lose female viewers because of a two-week hiatus."

As things now stand, ABC plans to show Olympic updates at the end of each soap and to cut into the programs if something of sufficient importance happens—say an American breaking a world record. ABC officials point out that the 187½ hours they now plan to show still will exceed the amount of air time devoted to any previous Olympics. But it seems to us there's an important sociological lesson here. The Olympics are the Olympics, but *All My Children* is *All My Children*. And in a relay race, Greg and Jenny will win every time.

FREE ENTERPRISE, NFL-STYLE

As expected, John Elway has let it be known that he doesn't want to play for either the Baltimore Colts or the Houston Oilers, which have the first two picks in next week's NFL draft, but would prefer joining a West Coast team or the Cowboys. Elway, who's also being courted by the USFL and the New York Yankees (SI, April 11), was merely spurning one prospective employer in favor of another, something that highly qualified job seekers ordinarily find it perfectly possible to do under the free-enterprise system. This is a fact evidently overlooked by General Manager Ladd Herzeg when he said of Elway's decision to rule out the Colts and Oilers, "It's a sad situation when someone can call the shots like that. If that's how John feels, let him go play baseball."

THEY SAID IT

- Ned Colletti, Chicago Cubs assistant public relations director, after the team's opening game against the Expos was rained out: "This fouls up our playoff rotation."
- John Montefusco, San Diego Padre pitcher, who has tried to change his brash image since marrying and having two children: "I hope they burn all the newspapers before my kids grow up. I wouldn't want them to know what a jerk I was." **END**

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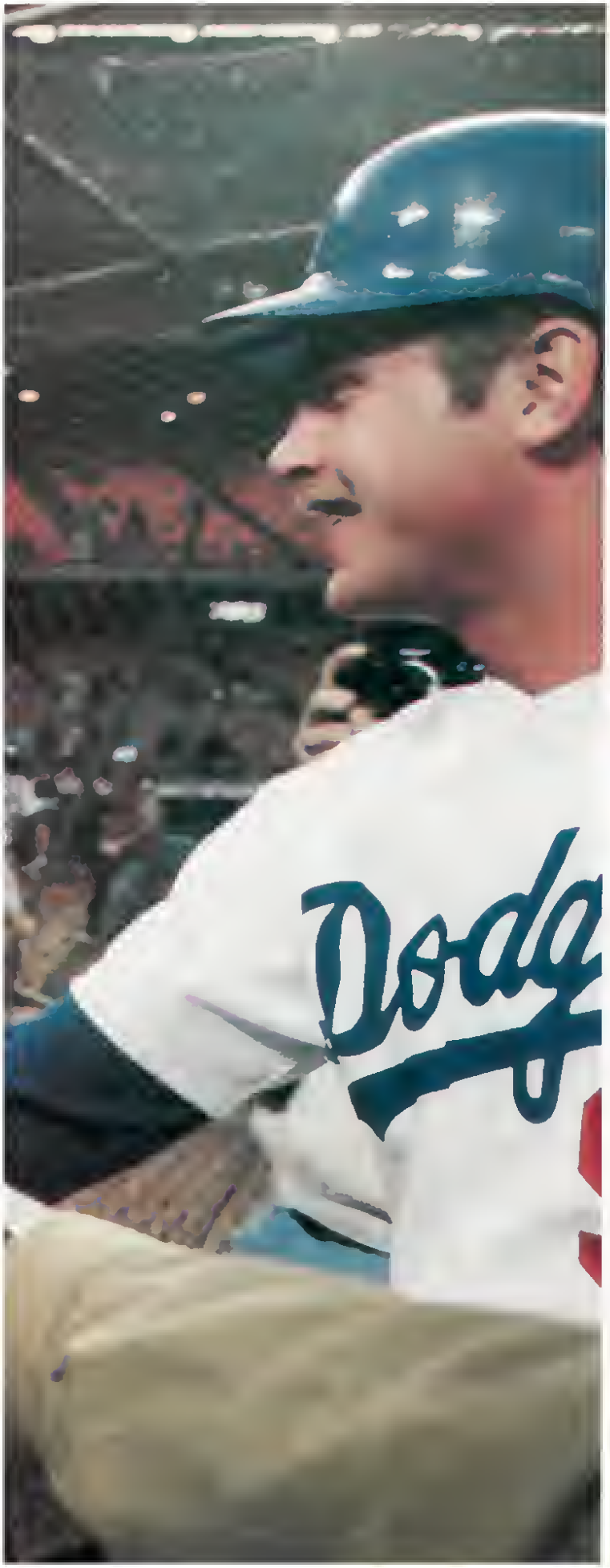
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Sports Illustrated
APRIL 25, 1983



It Was Too Good To Be True

Incredibly, Steve Garvey's return to L.A. as a Padre coincided with his breaking of an endurance record **by STEVE WULF**

Steve Garvey pointed to the Great Dodger, sorry, the Great Padre in the Sky. He hoisted his Louisville Slugger aloft, blew fervent kisses across the greensward, waved tenderly at the throng, all the while turning clockwise to make sure he thanked every section, indeed every fan, in Dodger Stadium. For one minute and 22 seconds, he bathed in the warmth of the crowd's affection, and then he bowed like a seasoned stage player and took his place in the batter's box. If all this sounds a little hokey, well it was—hokey and Hollywood and hammy and cheesy and wonderful. There's only one person in the whole world who could have pulled off the grand entrance Steve Garvey made at Dodger Stadium last Friday night.

Actually, it was Garvey's 1,117th entrance in a row at Dodger and other stadiums, tying the National League record for consecutive games

continued

Surrounded by the media, Garvey greeted Brock, the rookie who replaced him.

played set by Billy Williams of the Chicago Cubs between 1963 and 1970. That the milestone should be reached on the same night that Garvey returned to Los Angeles for the first time in a San Diego uniform was a coincidence almost too good to be true. But then Steven Patrick Garvey, past superstar, present franchise and future senator from California, has always been too good to be true.

In the next few months, television stations across the land will be showing *Return To Dodger Stadium*, a Steve Garvey Production in association with Trans World International. Check your local listings. Throughout the homecoming weekend he was filmed, interviewed and wired for sound by his own production company. But given the outpouring of devotion by Dodger fans and taking into consideration the favorite film of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a better title for the docudrama might be "Garvhi."

The flowers began to arrive Friday before Garvey did. They would come in all manner of arrangements—Tony Orlando sent a particularly beautiful one. Garvey also found, waiting in his locker, balloons, gifts and a chocolate fudge cake sent by Jerry and Terri Reuss. The inscription on the cake box read SLUGGO, AT LEAST 1,117 CALORIES IN EVERY BITE. 'CAUSE WE LOVE YOU.

Garvey showed up at 4 p.m. Friday. "Riding to the stadium was very strange," he said. "I saw a kaleidoscope of memories, of games and people I remember as a Dodger. When I got here, I had to remind myself to turn right to the visitors' clubhouse instead of left." When he got to the clubhouse, he discovered that Manager Dick Williams had written out a phony lineup card, with Kurt Bevacqua batting third and playing first base. "I thought I'd give Steve a rest," said Williams. "That's one game in a row for me," said Bevacqua.

When Garvey came out onto the field to cries of "Steve!" Reuss, his closest friend on the Dodgers, was one of the first to greet him. "Come to bless the loaves and fishes?" asked Reuss. Garvey's first meeting with Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda was cordial, no more than that—"Good to see you, Tommy," "Good to see you, Steve"—although Lasorda later orchestrated a few hugs for the cameras.

Everywhere that Garvey went the media lambs were sure to go, and he later said, "The one thing that might prevent me from setting the record is tripping over one of you guys." Padre Catcher Terry Kennedy came up to Garvey at the batting cage and, using his bat as a make-believe microphone, asked, "Steve Garvey, can you tell me how many times you went to the bathroom today?" At the cage Garvey ran into Greg Brock, his replacement as the Dodger first baseman. "Hi, slugger," said Garvey. Some fans behind the Padre dugout unfurled a banner reading THE DODGERS BLUE LT. WE ♥ YOU, STEVE.

Before the game Garvey promised that he would do something very special for the fans before the weekend was over. The 52,392 fans didn't wait to do something very special for him: It was their standing ovation when his name was announced with one on and one out in the first. The ovation could have gone on longer, but Garvey decided it was time to

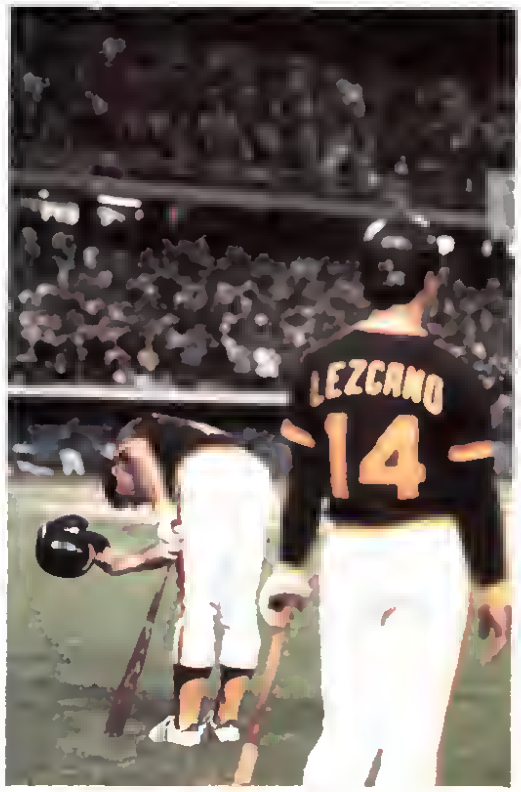


Garvey has always been a wow with the women fans, and they came out en masse for his return to get some things off their chests.

play, so he bowed and walked up to face Fernando Valenzuela.

The first pitch was a ball, the second a screwball that Garvey popped high in the air in front of the plate. And who should call for it and catch it but Brock. "Believe it or not," Brock said later, "when I caught it I was not thinking, 'Oh, wow!' " The play was filled with little ironies. The first base umpire, for instance, was one Billy Williams, although a different one.

The Dodgers, and Brock, proceeded to upstage Garvey. While the returning hero grounded back to the box, hit into a double play and flied to left, Brock hit his fourth homer in five games, singled, stole a base and started a 3–6–1 double play as Los Angeles won 6–2. Garvey was the only Padre regular who didn't get a hit off Valenzuela.



Garvey answered the cheers with a bow before batting.

If his return was sweet, his parting with the Dodgers last year had been bitter. "I was disappointed and disillusioned," he recalls. "From the time I was a bat boy until last year, I spent 28 years of my life as a Dodger. I gave and I gave and I gave to the organization, and I wasn't given anything in return. My relationships are based on personal reciprocity. Being a Dodger was a matter of heart, but in the end I felt they didn't want me."

Garvey wanted a new contract negotiated as early as last spring, but that isn't The Dodger Way. The Dodger Way is to wait until a player's contract runs out before negotiating with him. With that weighting on his mind and his home life in turmoil, Garvey got off to a terrible start in '82. In the meantime, Brock was tearing apart the Pacific Coast League.

It became clear to Garvey that the Dodgers didn't care if they lost him to free agency. The club began contract talks with him last July, but cynics said this was probably done to light a fire under Garvey. Whatever the Dodgers' motives, the play worked because he got hot, and the Dodgers turned the Western Division race around, losing the title by only a game.

The one person in the organization who was willing to sign Garvey to a new contract was Peter O'Malley, who, as president, has some clout. But Garvey insisted on a five-year contract. The best the Dodgers could come up with was $5 million for four years, which was very good indeed. The rub wasn't only that the contract was too little but that it was too late. There's a certain parallel between Garvey's relationship with the Dodgers and his relationship with his estranged wife Cyndy. She, too, wanted a reconciliation last year, but Garvey decided it was too late for that.

Contract talks broke off on Nov. 3 and Garvey became a free agent. The Dodger Way is not to compete in the open market for one of their own players, so they didn't exercise their option to select Garvey in the reentry draft. On Dec. 21, one day before his 34th birthday, Garvey signed with the Padres. The contract was for a base of $6.6 million over five years, with various bonus provisions.

The Dodgers are a very generous organization, but they don't let sentiment interfere with important business decisions. "The Dodgers think they're living in Camelot," says Garvey, "but they're letting the knights get away." Garvey maintains that he's as happy as he could be outside of a Dodger uniform: "I used to look like an American flag. The Padre uniform makes me look like a taco.

"Actually, the transition has been great. I've made 25 new friends, and I never thought I wanted to be anything other than a Dodger, but this is fun."

The Padres have welcomed him with open arms, not only as a first baseman

continued

Lasorda's embrace was considerably warmer than his actual relationship with Garvey.





After being held hitless in four at bats on Friday night, Garvey ripped a pair of hits in each of the next two games at Dodger Stadium.

STEVE GARVEY *continued*

but as a person. In spring training he got a head start on his political career by being named Chief Justice of the Padres' Kangaroo Court.

Garvey has conducted a one-man crusade to dress the team in Ralph Lauren Polo clothing. He took Tim Flannery, a 25-year-old second baseman, to the Polo Shop in San Francisco to buy him a suit as a thank-you for giving up uniform No. 6, Garvey's career-long numeral.

Oddly, Garvey always seems to gravitate toward the certified flakes on a team. On the Dodgers his best friends were Reuss and Jay Johnstone, and on the Padres he has become friendly with Bevacqua. "I tried to figure it out," says Bevacqua, "and there are two possible reasons. Either he hangs around with us because we're something he can never be, or we hang around with him because he's something we can never be."

Garvey's box-office appeal has already been felt in San Diego. Season ticket sales have increased by almost 6,000 this year, and he's been tireless in promotional work. The Padres will be happy even if he doesn't return to his old hitting form. "We don't expect him to hit .330 or 30 homers anymore," says General Manager Jack McKeon. "We just want somebody the young players on our ball club can emulate. We'll be happy if he does what he did last year." Despite his slow start in 1982, Garvey batted .282 with 16 homers and 86 RBIs. At the end of last week he was hitting .286 with one homer and five RBIs.

In the meantime, the Dodgers are very happy with Brock. Two things he can do that Garvey couldn't are: 1) bat left-handed, which balances out the batting order, and 2) throw. But Garvey can do at least one thing Brock can't. That's give an interview. Brock is nice enough, but his charisma quotient is low. And the Dodgers may very well miss Garvey at the gate. The Dodgers probably have a higher percentage of female fans than any other



Garvey has an affinity for the game's flakes, including Reuss.

team, and Garvey is a great favorite with women. When it appeared certain he was leaving last fall, some Girl Scouts picketed the stadium.

"I've heard from many fans who have told me something is missing at Dodger Stadium this year," says Garvey. "Something is missing," said Mark Rothman, a fan with a HELL NO' GARVEY CAN'T GO' T shirt. "I know it was a business decision, but they should have let the fans' feelings enter into it. I think the contract they offered him was just to save face." His friend Louise Ellison, whose T shirt read the same, said, "I cry almost every time I read his name in the papers now."

Dodger attendance has been off this year, some 6,000 a game before the Padre series, although part of the dropoff can be traced to bad weather and bad opponents. Still, Friday's game was the first sellout of the year since Opening Day, and Saturday, when Garvey would break Williams' record, brought the third sellout.

The Dodgers were nice enough to hold *a "night" for Garvey on Saturday when* he was presented with various plaques and scrolls and gifts. Billy Williams, the one who played for the Cubs, was also a guest, as were Joe and Millie Garvey, Steve's parents, whom the Padres flew in from Tampa as a surprise. In an emotional speech, Garvey again thanked the fans. "I consider you the 10th player," he said. "There aren't many words to describe how I feel, but there are three, and I love you." Garvey still trails the No. 2 man in the iron-man sweeps, Everett Scott of the Red Sox and Yankees, who played in 1,307 consecutive games from 1916 to 1925. And he's a long, long way away from Lou Gehrig's major league mark—it would take him until the 54th game of the 1989 season to surpass Gehrig's total of 2,130—but he's fast approaching Gehrig in tear-jerking speeches.

Nonetheless, Garvey's record is an astounding achievement, a fact that was brought home when he posed with a banner covered with the box scores of the 1,117 games. It all started on Sept. 3, 1975 when Garvey came back against Cincinnati after a two-day bout with the flu and doubled in three trips to the plate. "Only he and I know what you have to go through," said Williams. "Playing hurt, staying lucky. I don't think he has a chance to catch Gehrig. But then Garvey's kind of special."

Garvey was a little more successful at the plate Saturday night, singling and doubling off Reuss, who retaliated by accidentally stepping on Garvey's foot while running to first. However, Garvey was still outdone by Brock, who doubled twice and singled to drive in a run as the Dodgers won 8–5. On Sunday, Garvey got two more base hits and drove in a run as San Diego won 9–1. By then, most of the fans had probably seen the full-page advertisement he had taken out in the sports section of Sunday's *Los Angeles Times*. He would not reveal how much he paid for it, but the standard page rate is $15,000.

Headed A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO ALL, the ad said, in part, "It is nineteen eighty-three and the uniform is no longer the same, nor are the colors or the name. But the man inside remains simple, dedicated, principled and with the same realization that you have been with me through the good times and bad for thirteen years now.... You taught me the power of hope, the virtue of patience and the strength of dignity. I would like to dedicate the National League consecutive game record to you, not only for the past but the present and future. With love and dedication, Steve Garvey."

Hokey, yes. And there's only one person in the whole world who could have gotten away with it. **END**

Garvey's streak began in 1975, but to match Gehrig's it must last seven more years.



The Man Who Makes The Stars Shine

Kelvin Bryant's stellar running has helped Philadelphia shoot to the top of the USFL's Atlantic standings

by BARRY McDERMOTT

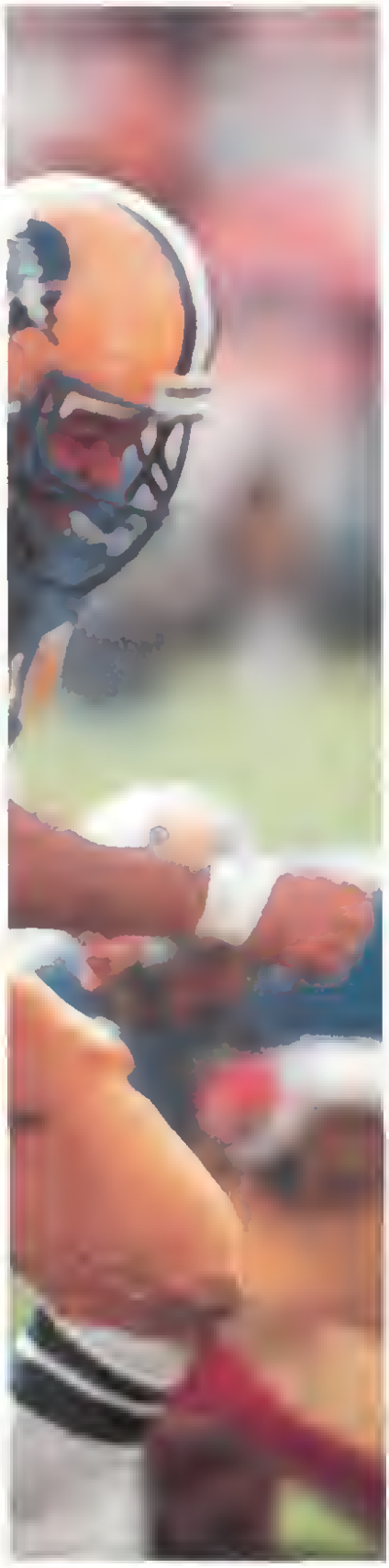
Trying to harness Kelvin Bryant, the Philadelphia Stars' halfback, can be a frustrating experience. All game long the opponents' defensive unit can do a diligent job of clogging up the middle yet keeping Bryant from getting outside, of making him seem no different from the average USFL running back. Then, just when the defenders think they've got him in check, he breaks loose, dancing and juking and running crazy.

Last Saturday, Bryant, who's in a neck-and-neck battle with New Jersey's Herschel Walker for the USFL rushing lead, struck again, this time against the Oakland Invaders. He was held at bay most of the afternoon, but he also delivered a couple of knockout punches that propelled the Stars, now 6–1 on the season and leading the Atlantic Division, to a 17–7 victory before 34,901 fans in Oakland Coliseum. Bryant ran the ball only 14 times—usually dragging three or four Invaders with him as he went for modest yardage—but two of his carries went for long gains that accounted for the bulk of his 118 yards and crushed Oakland. After the game the Invaders, now 3–4, had puzzled looks on their faces. "We stuck 11 'Bikes' on his head all day, but he never quit," said Linebacker Dewey McClain. "You could tell he figured eventually he'd break one, and he did. He runs loose, like Gale Sayers or O.J. He reverses field, and next thing you know, your speed is not so good."

The Philadelphia offense was the quintessence of steadiness, with nary a turnover, partly because with Bryant in the lineup it can afford to be conservative and wait for the inevitable to happen. His two jaunts against Oakland were classics. One was a 45-yard sideline-to-sideline, stop-and-reverse job that set up the game's first score, a 39-yard second-quarter field goal by David Trout. The other was a 37-yard touchdown run just before the half on which Bryant, a 6′ 2″ 195-pounder, shifted through his considerable range of gears while skating upfield on a sweep, dodging a couple of defenders and cracking the corner of the goal line. That gave the Stars a 10–0 lead, which, as it turned out, was all that they needed.

With 4.5 speed and a nose for the goal line—he scored 15 TDs in one three-game span during his junior year at North Carolina, an NCAA record—Bryant has been doing this sort of thing every week this spring while the attention of the media has been riveted on Walker. Bryant and Walker are tied for the league's rushing lead with 713 yards each, but Bryant is several reels ahead on the highlight film. As a runner, he nibbles and nibbles and then gulps. And he's tough. "He'll break tackles on hard guys, linebackers who weigh 240," says Chuck Commiskey, the Stars' right guard.

Bryant doesn't live the way he runs. Off the field he is not flashy, and his frugality is legendary. True, he wears two earrings, one gold, the other diamond, but the gem is worth only $15. Basically he's a quiet kid from Tarboro, N.C., the third-youngest of 10 children of a high school custodian. He chews tobacco and, being a good fellow, heaps credit on his linemen and talks of winning instead of personal goals. On Saturday, when the Philadelphia defensive captain was hollering for water during a time-out, no one was surprised when Bryant, the Stars' highest-paid player, picked up a cup and ran it onto the field. "He's not like a running back," says Rich Garza, Philadelphia's left guard. "He's more like a line-





PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

man. He's emotional. He gets ticked off. He's right in there battling with us." No wonder Garza calls blocking for Bryant "a privilege."

To land Bryant, Stars President Carl Peterson offered a five-year contract worth a reported $1.25 million. Just as important, he assured Bryant he would have a good offensive line. The Stars' first two draft picks, Irv Eatman and Bart Oates, were offensive linemen. Then Coach Jim Mora, former defensive coordinator of the New England Patriots, built the offense around his prize rookie. The result is a ball-control style that puts the clock on the Stars' side and hurry-up pressure on the opposition.

A third-quarter touchdown pass from Invader Quarterback Fred Besana to Wyatt Henderson was the only blot on the record of Philly's Doghouse Defense, a motley collection of no-names and retreads led by Linebacker Sam Mills and Defensive End Frank Case. Mills is nicknamed Field Mouse because he is built low to the ground—the roster lists him charitably at 5′ 10″—but he made 14 tackles against Oakland. Case, who was raised in the Bucks County, Pa. prison where his father was warden and his mother was a matron, had five tackles and helped deflect a 46-yard Invader field-goal try early in the game. Scott Woerner, the former Georgia All-America defensive back, made the game's final big play in the fourth quarter. After a Chuck Fusina-to-Tom Donovan 18-yard scoring pass had given the Stars a 10-point lead again, Woerner stepped in front of Oakland's Raymond Chester and made an interception at the Philadelphia 29-yard line with 6:05 left.

It was about then that Bryant recovered his diamond earring. It had fallen off earlier, but his backup, Allen Harvin, spotted it in the grass—a diamond in the rough, one might say—and returned it. It would have broken Bryant's heart to have lost it. He figures you earn what you get, whether it's yardage or a diamond, and, hey, $15 is $15 to a guy from Tarboro, even if he is leading the league. **END**

Bryant is a dazzler with the football, but off the gridiron only his earrings are flashy.

The Race For Ralph

Houston and Indiana, the big losers in the NBA, won the right to flip a coin for towering Ralph Sampson

by BRUCE NEWMAN



From Television City in Hollywood, it's *The Race for Ralph*! And here's your host, Bill Cullen!"

"Thank you very much, Johnny Olsen! Welcome once again to *The Race for Ralph*, where contestants attempt to get through an entire NBA schedule with the most losses. They walk, they squawk and, for a chance to draft the most sought-after college player in a decade, they participate in a humiliating and debasing experience. And we think you're going to love it!

"The rules are simple to follow, which is more than can be said for any of our contestants. [Laughter.] *The Race for Ralph* is a scramble to see who can finish with the worst record in the NBA's two conferences and then win a coin toss for the right to draft 7′4″ Center Ralph Sampson of Virginia.

"Our first contestant today is Charlie Thomas, who is in his first year as chairman of the board of the Houston Rockets. Charlie is the father of three girls and 20 car dealerships. When he bought the franchise he was quoted as saying, 'I see less of a need for improvement in the Rockets' organization than in almost any car dealership I've ever bought.' The Rockets then lost 82.9% of their games. Would you buy a used car from this man? Charlie Thomas, come on down!

"Our second contestant is Frank Mariani, president of the Indiana Pacers. Frank is a businessman from California who likes real estate and horse racing. Father of two, he has never appeared publicly in the state of Indiana and has helped the Pacers run up debts of about $6.5 million. Frank's latest shrewd management decision was to kick off the Pacers' 1983-84 ticket campaign in Indianapolis by announcing the team would probably be folded or moved to California at the end of the season. Good thinking, Frank Mariani, come on down!

"Our final contestant is Ted Stepien, president of the Cleveland Cavaliers. O.K., call him an honorary contestant. Poor old Ted. He's been right there in the race for last place, and he doesn't even have a shot at the big prize. Father of six girls, Ted is a real outdoorsman. He once dropped softballs from a Cleveland skyscraper to promote his new slow-pitch league and subsequently paid $35,875 in

damages to a woman whose wrist was broken by one of the balls. Since Ted bought the Cavs in 1980, they have compiled the worst three-year record since the 1971-74 Philadelphia 76ers and piled up debts estimated at $13 million. And the franchise doesn't even have a first-round pick until 1987. Plus, he's just announced he's selling the team! Ted Stepien, come on down!

"And now the coin, please. It's a toss-off between Charlie Thomas, champion loser in the Western Conference, and Frank Mariani, Number One nowhere man in the Eastern Conference, for seven feet, four inches of basketball dynamite!"

There may have been gaudier carnivals of greed than this season's Race for Ralph, but certainly not by any league that could less afford the harm to its image than the NBA got from this fiasco. The Rockets, possessed of Cleveland's first-round pick (via a trade) as well as their own, set out late last October with a chance to make the ultimate pick a lead-pipe cinch. There they were, the least in the West, and holding the pick of a pygmy of the East. Houston didn't tarry, losing its first 10 games and sinking to the bottom of the Western Conference. It was doubly cheered to see Cleveland lurch to a 3–22 record in the East. "When we started the season," says Rockets President and General Manager Ray Patterson, "we figured we'd be in the coin flip, but we thought it would be with Cleveland's pick. Then we got on a real high, thinking we wouldn't even *have* to flip." The "high" Patterson is referring to was the Rockets' dreadful start.

The Race for Ralph was actually set in motion more than five years ago—while Sampson was still a junior at Harrisonburg (Va.) High—when Philadelphia traded the late Terry Furlow to Cleveland for two Cavaliers' first-round draft choices. Of course, no one could have foreseen that in the intervening years the Cavaliers would be sold three times and go through six head coaches and 54 players, or that the 1983 pick might one day be worth squandering an entire season for.

Early in this season, there didn't seem to be much of a race. Indiana was 9–12 at one point in December and had a better record at that time than the New York Knicks, a team that has since made it into the playoffs, which begin this week. But the Pacers forged ahead in the Race for Ralph when they dropped 12 games in a row—the longest streak this season—starting Feb. 16, after they traded Center Clemon Johnson for the 76ers' first-round pick this year and rookie Forward Russ Schoene.

In trading Johnson, who was one of Indiana's best players but will soon be a free agent, the Pacers took what is known as "the long view," which allows for a great deal of moral flexibility. Houston adopted the long view last Sept. 15 when it traded free agent Malone to Philadelphia for Caldwell Jones and that first pick obtained so long ago from Cleveland. The Rockets also let go of free agents Mike Dunleavy and Bill Willoughby and obtained journeyman players like James Bailey and Wally Walker to replace Robert Reid, a starting swingman, who retired. The only free agent who might have helped the Rockets and for whom they bid seriously was Cleveland Forward Cliff Robinson, and Patterson concedes that was done "to make sure Cleveland finished last." The Cavaliers matched Houston's offer and kept Robinson. "From the very start we were hoping we would get Ralph Sampson or a player of his caliber to mend the ship," says Houston Coach Del Harris. "There was never a time when we said, 'Let's lose games.' On the other hand, there were times when we could have acquired

continued



The only tankings the losers would admit to were the ones last month in these syndicated strips.

Sampson sweepstakes

Losing means winning in the Ralph Sampson Sweepstakes. The right to draft Sampson, Virginia's 7-foot-4 center, will be settled by a coin flip between the last-place finishers in each conference.

Here are the contenders in the Sampson Sweepstakes, with the teams listed by highest losing percentage.

WESTERN CONFERENCE	W	L	Pct.	GB
HOUSTON	55	11	.833	—
San Diego	46	21	.687	9½
Utah	42	25	.627	13½

EASTERN CONFERENCE	W	L	Pct.	GB
Indiana	49	17	.742	—
x-Cleveland	48	17	.738	½
Chicago	43	23	.652	6

x-Houston owns Cleveland's first-round pick, in addition to its own, in 1983 draft.

According to "The Houston Post," the bottom was tops.

players who would have helped us this year. But it would have been at the expense of the future."

The Rockets' management made only one significant roster change after the season had begun—the addition of Bailey—and then told Harris to go out and do the best he could. "Every game we played," says Patterson, "I emotionally wanted to win, but logically you can absorb the losses. Everything was done looking toward next year."

That brand of thinking didn't necessarily inspire a charitable view of Patterson around the league. "Ray Patterson hasn't done anything this year except sit around and talk at meetings," says one NBA team official. "He just left the club with all those older players."

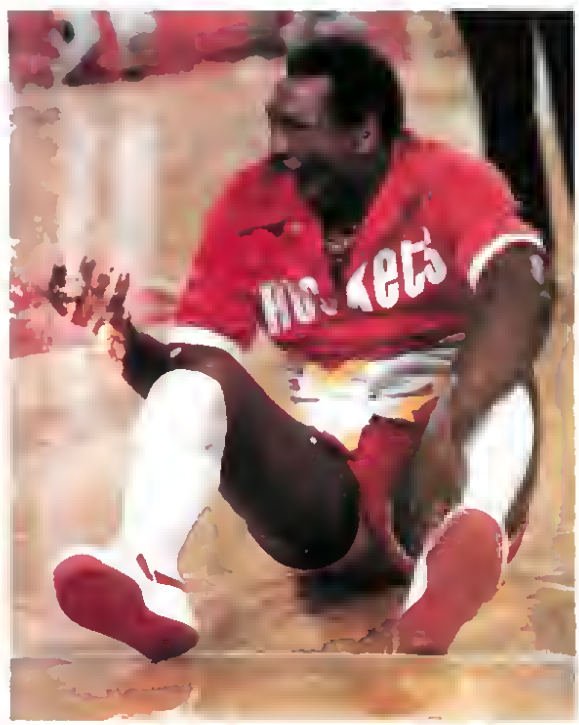
The big question, of course, is whether Indiana and Houston were as bad as they appeared to be or whether they purposely went into the tank. "I'm already going down in history as coach of the team with the second-worst single-season record ever [14–68]," says Harris. "I don't want to be known as the NBA equivalent of coach of the Chicago Black Sox or the LIU Blackbirds, too." Cleveland Coach Tom Nissalke, who has more than a passing interest in the Rockets' situation, says the pressure on a coach in his or Harris' circumstances can be "excruciating." During the final week of the season, the Cavs played Indiana twice. Nissalke is rumored to be in line for Harris' job in Houston next year, so it would have been in his best interest to lose to the Pacers and guarantee the Rockets the first draft choice. Instead, Cleveland beat Indiana twice, including a 132–124 victory in overtime last Friday.

Result: The Pacers were assured of the worst record in the East; they ultimately finished 20–62, while the Cavs came in at 23–59. "Where do you draw the line when you're in the last game of the season and if you lose, the prize is Ralph Sampson or Lew Alcindor?" Nissalke asks. "I'd hate to think what my reaction would be if the loser gets Ralph and you know your owner wants you to lose."

Patterson insists that tanking games in the NBA is too difficult to pull off, even if one wanted to do it. "It sounds a lot easier than it really is," he says. "You might be tempted to do something, but as a practical matter, am I going to go to a guy and ask him to throw a game when he might be working for somebody else next year?" If you get the impression that Patterson may not care, you're not alone. "I think in both cases [Houston's and Indiana's], the owners of the teams said, 'What the hell,' and wrote the year off," says San Antonio General Manager Bob Bass. "That carries over to the players and can be reflected in their play. If the owners don't care, why should they?"

Houston lost its opening game by 33 points to Seattle, and in trying to describe the magnitude of his team's comedown that night, Harris said, "It's like going on a blind date and finding the ugliest girl you've ever seen waiting at the door for you." After the 0–10 start, Harris suggested the team might have some personnel problems. "All of our players belong in the NBA," he said. "I'm just not sure they all belong on the same team."

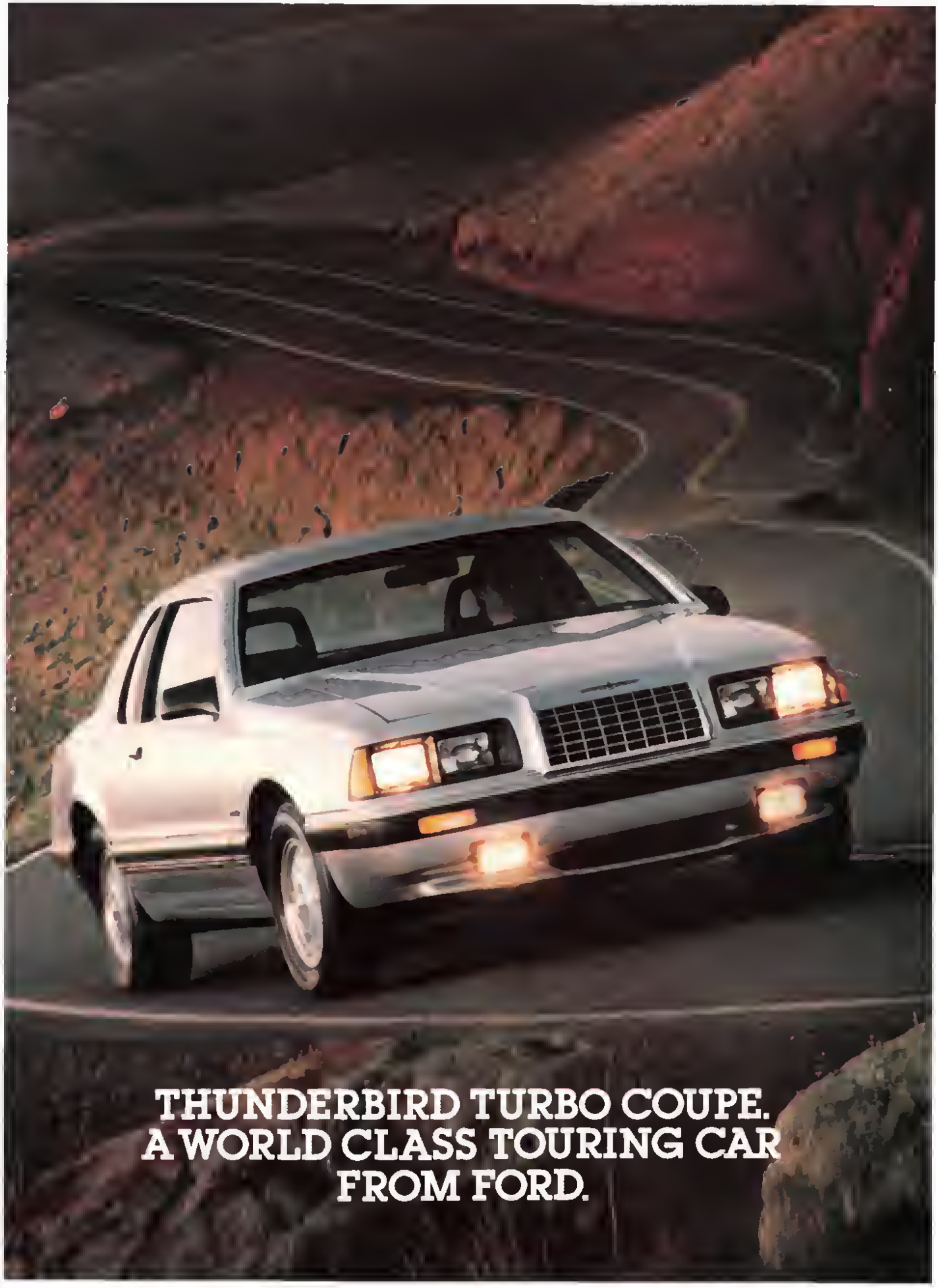
At season's start, Houston had the second-oldest roster in the league, while the Pacers had the youngest. "Our situation has been more trying than Indiana's," Harris says. "My guys who are sitting on the bench are eight-, nine-, 12-, 14-year veterans. It's a painful thing for them. Anybody would lash out at whoever's in authority under those circumstances."



Hayes and his teammates went to sleep early this season

When it became apparent that the Rockets weren't going anywhere this season, Harris met with Patterson and Thomas to inquire about his job security. "It was made plain to us that everyone's job is safe here," Harris said later. Harris also claimed that Thomas had told him then that he "wouldn't trade me for any coach in the league." But Patterson says, "I don't remember that. I very rarely use the word 'never,' and Charlie is a man of few words." Harris had offered to quit then, rather than be fired later. "If Del came in now and wanted to relieve everybody of the contractual responsibility," says Patterson, "it might

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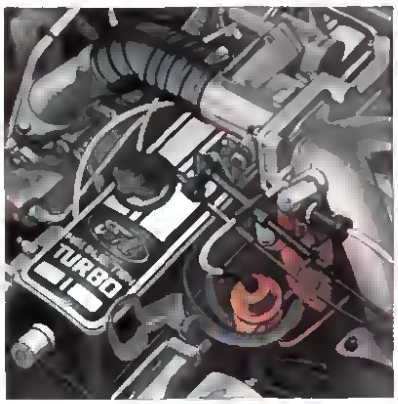

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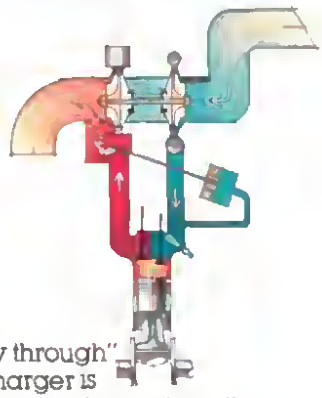
The engine.



An efficient, high-performance cross-flow head, overhead cam four-cylinder displacing 2 3 liters.

The engine employs five main bearings, forged aluminum pistons, high-temperature alloy valve materials, oil cooler and tuned intake manifold.

The turbocharger.



A "blow through" turbocharger is positioned upstream from the injectors and throttle plate.

Unlike other turbocharging arrangements, this "blow through" system pressurizes on demand Which in turn gives the driver crisp, immediate throttle response At full boost, around 4,600 engine RPM, the engine achieves 145 horsepower based on SAE Standard J-1349 More power than most of today's V-8s. A triumph of technology over brute force.

The electronic fuel injection system with EEC-IV.

The fuel injection system, fed by an electric fuel pump, is port type—with an injector ahead of each intake valve for precise metering

The system is run by a computer called EEC-IV. A fourth-generation, state-of-the-art microprocessor-based engine control system capable of thousands of operations per second.

At one extreme, it will immediately set up air/fuel mixture and timing for a quick cold-start At the other extreme, it will help the engine push to its safe limits In between, it senses by the millisecond what you are asking the car to do, and balances the engine's air/fuel mixture and ignition timing for optimum power, response and efficiency

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The free-revving powerplant is mated to a 5-speed gearbox. The ratios are carefully calibrated so there is a proper gear for any turn, any straightaway

Accomplished drivers will appreciate the pedal design. The brake and accelerator pedals are positioned to facilitate true heel-and-toe downshifting

BALANCE AND POISE ON THE ROAD.

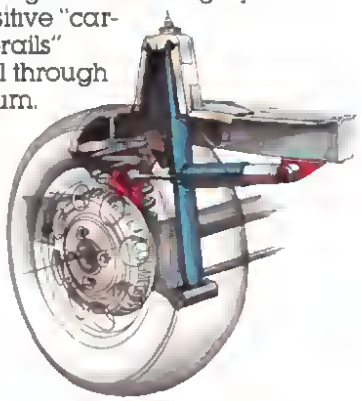
Aerodynamics/air flow management.

Turbo Coupe has one of the lowest drag coefficients of any four-passenger high-performance car in America But more than that, Thunderbird uses the wind to help hold itself firmly on the road It reduces lift on the hood for directional stability Reduces lift on the rear for cornering agility The smooth lines even lower wind noise inside the cabin This is the difference between mere aerodynamics and what we call "air flow management."

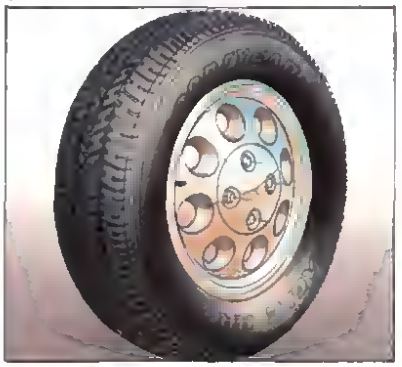
Gas-filled struts and shocks for ride and handling.

The front struts and rear shocks on Turbo Coupe contain a low pressure charge of nitrogen This suppresses foaming of the hydraulic fluid due to rapid bumps or exuberant driving This in turn means the ride doesn't have to be overly stiff in normal driving to be stiff enough when you, or the road, demand.

Plus two additional rear shocks for pure handling.
Turbo Coupe has a second set of rear shocks mounted in a rather unique and interesting position... longitudinally between the rear axle and the body. These help maintain the car's geometric integrity for a positive "car-on-rails" feel through a turn.



Performance tires.
Turbo Coupe mounts Goodyear Eagle P205/70HR 14 performance tires on lightweight cast aluminum wheels. The tires feature an aggressive tread pattern, performance compound rubber, and low profile design for a wide footprint. Result: excellent traction and cornering power on wet or dry pavement.



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Turbo Coupe's front seats reward the demanding driver. (1) The under thigh support adjusts. (2) The side thigh support adjusts. (3) The seat back angle adjusts. (4) The lumbar support adjusts with (5), an infinitely adjustable pneumatic actuating pump. In addition, the (6) firm side supports help hold you in place. And unlike some other high-performance seats, you don't have to be an accomplished acrobat to get in and out. Considering that a Turbo Coupe is capable of .81G in a turn, seats that support you laterally as well as up and down are essential.



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There are three. The driving center puts steering wheel, light controls and shift lever right where your hands want them to be. The environment center clusters radio and climate control a comfortable reach away. The console center nestles electric controls for windows, seats and mirrors in a pod next to your right thigh. The car feels as if it flows from your fingertips.

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Just remember, when you leave out the vodka, leave room for moderation.



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be a different answer." If that is not exactly a vote of confidence, it's a rave compared to Patterson's feelings about Harris' relationship—or lack of one—with the players.

On Jan. 25, after Harris took Forward Elvin Hayes out of the starting lineup in favor of Bailey, the Big E gave a withering assessment of Harris. "He's a petty person," Hayes said. "He's paranoid, and he's not a good coach." "If that's a manifestation of his personality, his ineptness and his lack of leadership," says Patterson, "then that's a problem." But the final blow for Harris probably came when the Rockets had Cleveland down by five points with 91 seconds to play on March 8 in Houston, only to let the Cavaliers—the one team the Rockets really wanted to beat—outscore them 8–0 down the stretch. When Houston played at home against Golden State two nights later, Nissalke, whose team was off, and Patterson watched the game together on TV in Patterson's office. "I thought that was cheap," Harris says.

Nothing that happened to the Rockets this season, however, was as discouraging to them as Indiana's fade. "Going through this painful year and not being able to come up with a solid young replacement for Moses," Harris says, "would be like digging for weeks for buried treasure, never finding it and then one day you look up and you've dug the hole so deep you can't get out of it." If the Rockets are to climb out, it will surely take someone more than seven feet tall. And there is little question that this year that someone is Ralph Sampson.

Many fans thought Sampson's image was tarnished when his Virginia teams failed to win an NCAA title, or even an ACC championship, during his four years there. When Akeem Abdul Olajuwon of the Houston Cougars strutted his stuffs all the way to the championship game of the NCAA tournament, it seemed possible that he or fellow underclassman, Georgetown's Patrick Ewing, might supplant Sampson as the first choice of the pros. That notion gained credibility when provisions in the new NBA contract with the Players Association made it apparent that the June 28 draft probably would be the last to result in a financial bonanza for rookies. "They've all got to come out," says Spurs President Angelo Drossos, referring to the top college underclassmen, "because next year that money isn't going to be there." But so far neither Olajuwon nor Ewing has indicated any desire to turn pro. They have until May 14 to make up their minds. One factor in their thinking may well be that there isn't a team in the NBA that wouldn't take Sampson first this year, because it is widely believed that Virginia Coach Terry Holland did little to speed Sampson's progress. "Holland developed Ralph to about one-tenth *of his potential*," *one highly regarded* college coach said recently.

Sampson professes to have ignored the Race for Ralph. He has said he could adjust to any NBA city, but he's opposed to the capriciousness of the league's coin-toss system. There have even been suggestions that he might challenge the entire concept of the draft in the courts. If that happens, the Race for Ralph could carry on into next season and possibly beyond. And if *that* happens, what has been a tawdry little game show could turn into a miniseries seething with avarice and lust. After that, who knows? We could be talking *Bonanza*.

But right now we're talking coin-toss, in late May. Ready? Flip! **END**



In Indianapolis, some Pacer fans were squarely supporting R.A.L.P.H.—a Realistic Approach for Landing a Pacer Hero.



In Cavs vs. Pacers (a/k/a Stonehands vs. Butterfingers) last week, Indiana won by losing.



His Was A Great Act of Faith

That Calvin Peete even considered golf as a career at 23 was, in the main, an affirmation of his belief in himself **by KENNY MOORE**

Imagine yourself innocent of golf. Yet somehow here you are, wandering the cushiony expanses of a prestigious tournament, the Crosby in early February. At first you marvel at the splendid setting of the event, the descending verdant crescent of the 1st fairway at Spyglass Hill, fully 600 yards long, opening out through dark pines and cypresses to a view of the Pacific.

You are drawn on by how breathtakingly far the white speck of ball can be driven by the finest players. You walk with them, watching how precise men can be at lofting iron shots twice the length of a football field onto tiny greens. Their putts are comically delicate, satisfying in their sense of the final touch.

Yet you aren't unequivocally entranced. You have plenty of time to muse between shots, and you note that golf must be one of the most ludicrous of games, the farthest from any basic utility. It seems an acquired taste, an odd set of circumstances given meaning only by the depth of the players' and gallery's concern over where that ball comes to rest.

The absorbed spectators can fairly be regarded as a kind of Greek chorus, murmuring after each shot, imparting in those involuntary exhalations the received wisdom and lore of the game. True, many of these people are dressed as if they have been talked into impersonating Easter eggs, and some of the women obviously adhere to the structural school of coiffure. But their intentness saves them from ridicule.

Just now they are fixed on the approaching foursome of Tom Watson and Calvin Peete and their respective amateur partners, Bob Willits and Sandy Tatum. The whispering behind the tee teaches the eavesdropper that Tatum was the 1942 NCAA champion and is a past president of the USGA. "Watch the hitch in his backswing," it's said. Indeed, there is such a little pause. "Now Watson will be high and long," the chorus says.



Peete, a most methodical man, maintains a deliberately glacial calm during a round.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BURT SILVERMAN

"And Peete, ah Peete, he'll be short and straight. He led the tour in driving accuracy last year, you know. Eighty-one percent of his drives are in the fairway." And so it comes to pass.

Yet when you get out along the fairway, you find that Peete's ball has actually come to rest only a few yards short of Watson's. "Nicklaus calls Peete 'sneaky long,' " confides the Easter-egg chorus. "Every year he drives farther."

Walking toward the green, which Peete has reached in regulation—"He led the tour in that, too"—the chorus fills the air with the remarkable Peete story, already a part of golfing folklore. "One of 19 children from his father's two marriages, he worked as a stoop laborer in the Florida fields when he was a boy. Became a traveling salesman of clothing and trinkets to migrant workers. Used to have two diamond chips in his front teeth to make an indelible impression on his clientele: the Diamond Man. Didn't pick up a golf club until he was 23. Has a left arm that cannot be straightened—his elbow was broken in three places when he fell out of a tree at 12—so it is some sort of miracle that he can even *play*, let alone hit so accurately, when everyone knows a good swing requires a straight left arm."

Thus enlightened, the observer better appreciates Peete's slightly syncopated walk. Unable to let his left arm fall completely to his side, he carries it jauntily as if touching an invisible banister.

The chorus continues reciting Peete's accomplishments: his four tournament victories in the last half of 1982, his $318,470 in winnings for the year, which ranked him fourth, one notch above Watson. As the gallery arranges itself about the green, there's heard this sentence, pronounced with moral relief, "Isn't it good for the game to finally get a *really* fine black golfer?" There are ripples of assent, giving rise to the momentary impression that perhaps golf is self-conscious about its historically clubby, moneyed, WASP-ish nature. There's a hush as Peete strokes his birdie putt. It slides by the hole. The gallery groans. "Oh, if only he could putt," comes the murmur, the final judgment.

Peete tied for second in the Crosby, steadily constructing rounds of 68 and three 70s. Later, Tatum spoke of the privilege of being Peete's partner: "It was an extraordinary experience for me. He's as competent a striker of the ball as I've ever seen, with the sole and singular exception of Ben Hogan, and he strikes it identically, time after time. In the whole of the Crosby he hit only three bad shots."

Tatum, too, is affected by how far

continued

Peete has come. "He doesn't have the physical equipment of Watson," Tatum says. "The left arm must impose some limits in working the ball. But he's a realist. He has developed the avenues open to him, and perfected them. It's rewarding to see what he has accomplished, not with raw talent but with intelligence. But think about how he had to be aware of the struggle he faced, and how great his act of faith, to believe in the face of those odds that he could be competitive. . . ."

And now, continues Tatum, even at the relatively advanced age of 39, Peete surely hasn't peaked. Next for him? A major championship. "He has a better chance to win the Open than the Masters, perhaps, because the high rough puts a greater premium on accuracy in the Open. [Peete had a terrible Masters two weeks ago, finishing 49th after being in contention for 36 holes.] But concerning the crucial element of being able to deal with adversity, he was remarkable in the Crosby. After a three-putt or a bad shot he remained the composed, warm, relaxed man he began as. It occurred to me that his background may be a help to him there, that having gone through what he has, things like the breaks on the golf course don't seem so bad. I'm convinced his impact will transcend golf, that he's going well beyond where he is, and will be an exemplary figure."

These fragments of information and fond judgment have the curiously unsatisfying effect of raising more questions than they answer. Just what caused Peete to approach the sport so confidently? How did he come to assemble such a solid game? Did it involve a rearrangement of his psyche to make the transition from the Diamond Man to the calm golf pro? Given his engaging ways, it seems, it couldn't hurt to ask.

Some time later, among the electric-chartreuse vinyl furniture of the clubhouse at the Inverrary golf and tennis complex in Lauderhill, Fla., the opportunity presents itself. Peete has come from the tournament's Wednesday pro-am. The round has taken more than five hours, and his non-professional partners have produced their share of shanked and topped balls. Peete is asked whether it is troubling for a perfectionist to be in the company of those who aren't.

"You prepare yourself for that," he says easily. His face in repose can seem severe, but his voice and manner are gentle. He has long, sweeping eyelashes. "I enjoy playing in pro-ams. You meet important, nice, influential people. I realize that a lot of them haven't played much, so I just tell myself it's going to be a long day." This will be a recurring theme in the study of Peete, his two sets of standards, an exacting one for himself, a charitable one for others.

Peete has said that at the time he discovered golf, at 23, he also learned that Jack Nicklaus was making nearly $200,000 per year, and thereupon decided he could be happy with a third of that. This was, in effect, a cover story, a tale more plausible than the truth. In fact, at the moment he first struck a golf ball, spraying shots around a Rochester, N.Y. municipal course with friends, something transformed him, lightly at first, but then irresistibly.

"They had said we were going to a clambake," Peete says. "Instead, here was this *golf* thing. I couldn't get a ride home, so I went along with the fool idea. Before that, the only contact I'd had with a golf ball was when I was nine or 10, when we still lived in Detroit. I recall playing with one in an alley, being fascinated with how high it bounced when you threw it against the concrete."

The fascination in Rochester was something like that. The physical sensitivity of the man was suddenly absorbed in the task. "I thought, 'Hey, it takes more than a notion to get that ball to go where you want it.' It was a challenge that. . . . I don't know how to put it. It was *my* challenge."

And thus it remains. "For me, to be able to control the ball, to hit 14 fairways and 18 greens, is as rewarding as making a 20-foot putt on the last hole to win a major championship."

"My goodness," exclaims his visitor, "that's heresy!"

"Right. But that's my objective. Scoring is just not as important to me as hitting the ball. How I shoot 68 or 69 is more important to me than the fact of doing it. I recognized that very early, recognized it as something in myself, and in the game. Consistent control was and is the prime thing, and I'm still learning it. That's where the fundamental satisfaction comes from. The money, the recognition, those are what follow. They're not the primary things."

First things first. Peete met golf in 1966. In 1971 he turned pro. He got his PGA card in 1975. He made about $20,000 per annum for three years, barely enough to cover expenses. He's quick to credit his wife, Christine, a high school English and drama teacher (now retired to rear their four children), with making key suggestions and supplying essential confidence and financial backing.

"I met him before he joined the professional tour," Christine has said. "I watched him practice, and watched the other guys, and said to myself, 'You know, he's pretty good at this. And he'll be better—if he works.'"

It seems strange now that she would

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Christine provided Calvin with confidence for golf and tutoring for his diploma.

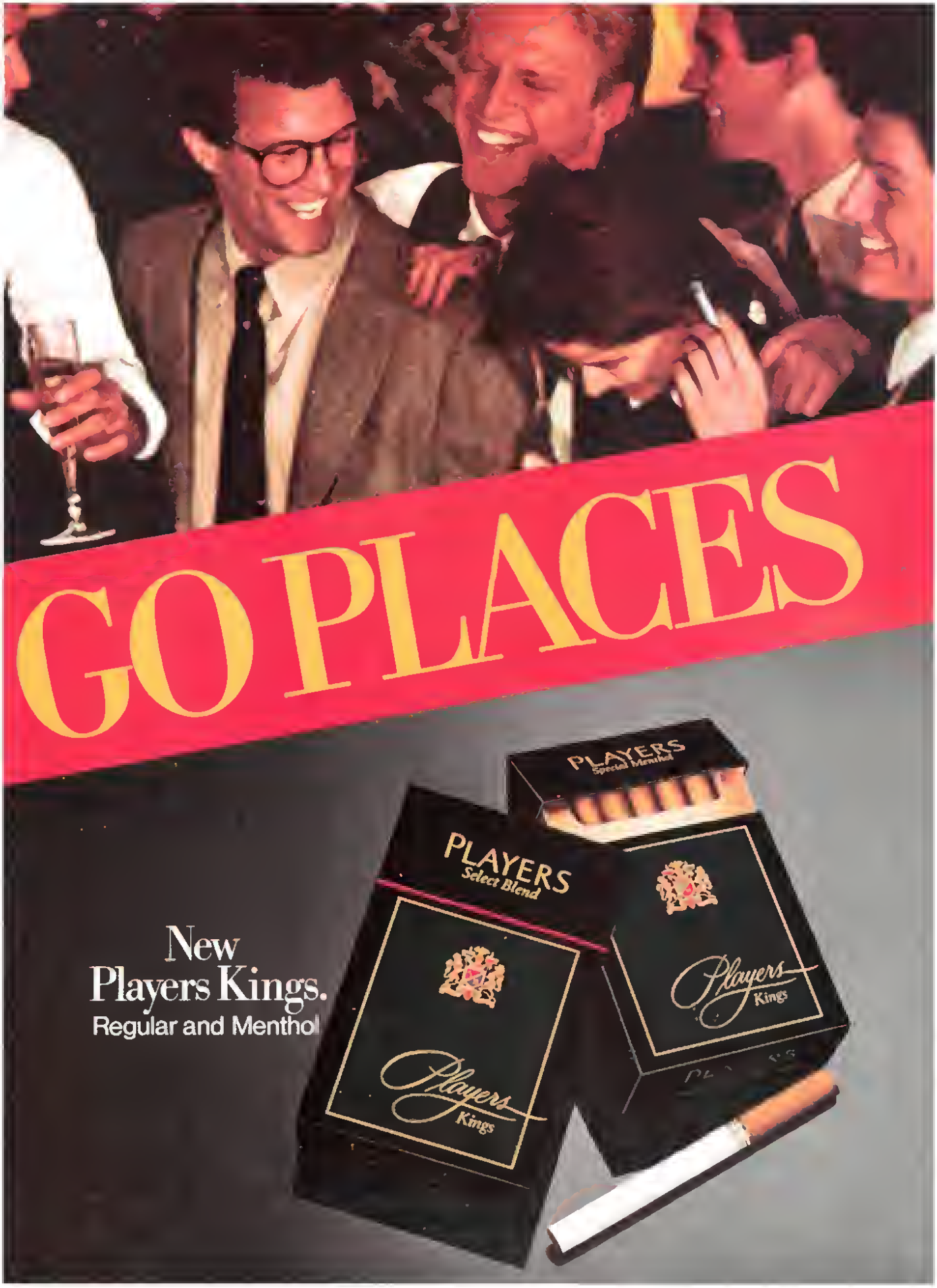

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BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!



INTRODUCING

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When he needs a "lesson" during a tournament, Peete views videotapes of himself.

question whether or not Peete would work. This is a man who has swung a golf club until his hands were bloody. He still practices seven hours a day between tournaments. The real concern was planning the work, fitting together the game. "When I first started thinking about turning pro, I used an 8-mm. camera to film myself and study my moves," says Peete. "I figured I could learn more from watching myself than from watching others. Now, wherever I go I carry videotapes of me hitting the ball really well. If I have problems, I give myself a lesson."

A fundamental lesson was to take everything in stages. "When I first got interested in golf, my goal was to break 80. Then 75. Then scratch. Then to improve my short game. Then to go on tour. Then to qualify on Mondays. Then to make the cuts. Then to make the top 25 in a tournament. Then the top 10. Then, finally, to think of winning. The reason I probably didn't play well at first was that I got ahead of what was possible. I just felt everything would come together and I'd go from 94th to first. I didn't."

Peete says the hardest thing to come to grips with in the early years was the mental discipline—"concentrating on concentrating. I had to dismiss all those ideas I once had about being away from home, about that being the time to go sightseeing on Bourbon Street. I had to be in the room. I had to practice. And I had to come to know myself."

"I play according to my personality," he says. "I'm a low-key person, not naturally excitable, which fits in fine with the requirements of the game. But it took me some time to learn that, to not be like Lee Trevino or Fuzzy Zoeller, all outgoing and chatting with the gallery. I wasn't what you'd call flamboyant, but I was excitable. I'd hit an iron close, and birdie, and I'd get pumped up. I'd *want* the next hole. Then I'd bogey it. And suddenly I *didn't* even *feel* like playing *anymore*." He chuckles at this, a recollection of impetuous youth, even though it was the behavior of a 35-year-old.

"I learned how to be Calvin Peete on the golf course. Of course I know that's easier said than done, or taught. I spent time alone, reflecting on my nature. I enjoy being alone. I love to drive six or eight hours by myself from one tournament to another. I think I inherited that from my father, liking solitude. Anyway, I finally came to realize that a round of golf isn't over until the 18th green. I learned to save my emotional reaction, good or bad, for after that."

A second fundamental practice that Peete employed to lift his game was visualizing his ultimate success. "Whatever you do," he says, almost grandly, "you've got to dream of success to be successful. If you keep that dream and prepare yourself, you won't be far away from the reality of it."

Peete isn't talking about hazy, azalea-hued pipe dreams here. "When I go onto a course I have a definite plan of the shots I want to hit," he says. "I have done a practice round the day before, and the evening before I've thought about it in my room for an hour, an hour and a half. I remember every hole and try to visualize all the possible occurrences and conditions I might face, and what I will do in each circumstance. If I win the U.S. Open someday, it won't be a shock because I've won it in my mind 10,000 times—not the shock to me that it would be to people around the country."

"It wouldn't seem like a huge surprise if you won the Open?" says his guest.

"Well, not like it would've a few years ago, I guess. Anyway, I never really dreamed of making many putts. Maybe that's why I haven't made many. Maybe

continued



Peete's putting surpasses its reputation.

my next goal ought to be to refine that dream. . . ."

In his defense, Peete is not a bad putter. "He downplays that part of his game because he downplays everything," says Tatum. And there's a statistical quirk that probably explains why Peete will never be among the tour leaders in putts per round. That's because he's too accurate. He's on the green, somewhere, while other players are more often in a bunker or on the fringe. They are chipping to the flag while Peete is putting, so they will have more one-putt greens, even if Peete is beating their socks off in the tournament.

And there's the matter of that left arm, which, as he demonstrates, he can straighten only to an angle of about 150 degrees. "Rather than a handicap, I'd have to say that it's a definite advantage," Peete says. "I can keep it in the same swing path. To me the arm is just a hinge, to guide the club in the swing. And a hinge makes fewer mistakes than a jumpy, eager arm."

This calls to mind the sudden outburst of Dave Eichelberger, a veteran pro who was asked to characterize Peete's game. "Hell, he does the same thing more often than anybody else. He can't hook if he tries."

In 1979, Peete's earnings jumped to $122,481—about where they would stay until last year. "The thing that got me up there was developing my routine," he says. By this he means his pre-shot ritual. Before every stroke, Peete first stands behind the ball, facing the direction of its eventual flight, and pictures its trajectory and landing. Then he banishes further thought and conducts a series of unvarying moves—a half swing before addressing the ball, three little wiggles to plant himself comfortably—before finally swinging.

"I'm not a man who likes routine," says Peete. "I mean *I* don't like to routinely do things. But I felt it was something I had to develop. The exact sequence of moves probably isn't important. The main thing is to have a process the mind goes through to get things turned over to the muscles. Players will get over a shot—and think. They let the mind run a lot of the swing. And they may get away with it. But when the pressure is on, the mind will come in with all kinds of weird things to tell the body to do, and that's when the bad shots start."

Once Peete had brought his tee-to-green game to near perfection, he found that he was putting better. "Everything is connected," he says. "The simple fact is that when I got confidence in my iron play, I could go for the flag more aggressively. So the putts were a little shorter."

Save for a win in the 1979 Greater Milwaukee Open, victories continued to elude him, but his skills couldn't be hidden from his competitors. "A good, a very good player," said Jack Nicklaus not long ago. "He knows what he can do and he plays within his abilities. That's the real key to this thing. And he's a marvelous wind player."



The bounce fascinated the young Peete.

"There was a day when I was playing with Nicklaus and I hit a shot he liked," says Peete happily. "A two-iron 190 yards into the wind, without taking a divot. He asked me to teach him that. I said, 'You're asking *me*?' He was good about it. He said you can play this game for 50 years and still be learning."

It was fitting, then, that Peete should absorb something in return from Nicklaus. They were paired on the last round of the 1982 Open at Pebble Beach. Watson would eventually win the tournament with his legendary chip on 17, but it was Nicklaus' charge from three strokes back that forced Watson to such heroics. Peete watched, and was changed.

"I can't pinpoint any specific moments that were decisive for me," he says, "but seeing his concentration, how he tuned everything out, was impressive. He was there to try to win. To that time I was still a golfer who just wanted to do well. But Jack tried to win. The whole round it was there, that concentrated, constant will to win. I felt that by comparison, mentally I'd been holding myself back. It made me realize that I was a good player, finally."

It seems remarkable that, after all Peete had done, at this last little step he was still doubtful.

"I think it's wrong to call it a last little step," he says. "There are a lot of good players. Few of them take that step."

Three weeks after the Open, Peete won at Milwaukee again. Two weeks after that, he won the Anheuser-Busch Golf Classic in Williamsburg, Va. In September he won the B.C. Open by seven strokes with rounds of 69, 63, 64 and 69. In October he won the Pensacola Open, again by seven strokes. Only Craig Stadler, the tour's leading money-winner, equaled Peete's four victories.

None of this altered the essential Calvin Peete, of course. "Golf is something you play every week," he says. "You can take the pressure off just by telling yourself, well, there's always next week. You can't do that in the World Series or the Olympics. And I wasn't overwhelmed at winning, as I said, because I had dreamed about it for so long. I would be excited, sure, if I were to win a special one, an Open or a PGA. I'd love to win the Masters or the British, but if I had my choice,

it would be the U.S. Open. It's our national championship. To win would be to be considered the best golfer in the country." His tone makes it clear that he could aspire to nothing higher.

Peete quit school in the eighth grade to work in the fields with his father. Last year, ardently wanting to represent the U.S. on the 1983 Ryder Cup team against Europe, he ran up against the requirement that he must be a PGA of America member to be selected. And the PGA had a rule, aromatic of golf's musty social codes, that only high school graduates need apply.

"I told him that rule about the diploma couldn't be enforced in any court," says Peete's attorney and business adviser, H. Stephen Frank. "He said, 'No, I'm not going to break any rules. The people who went before me lived up to that rule. I will, too.' "

So Peete, with Christine's tutoring, studied his math, history, geography and English and took the four-hour high school equivalency test one afternoon in Detroit, alone in the classroom except for the accommodating high school principal who was his proctor. He passed, but all the Ryder Cup points he'd been amassing didn't count. Only those he earned after his diploma are valid. "He'll make the team anyway," says Frank.

"He'd better," says Christine, who's not quite the accommodating soul that Calvin is. "If he doesn't, he won't file a challenge, but I sure will."

Peete is not known as a denizen of the 19th hole. "I don't drink, I don't know a lot of funny war stories," he says. "Even my rounds are boring—down the middle, on the green, two-putt—so there isn't a lot of reason to be wildly sociable." When he's done with a round or practice, he doesn't hang around. He has few close friends on the tour. "I'm not a reader," he says. "I'm a TV watcher. I'm a thinker."

"He's not shunning the country-club set especially," says Frank. "That is, he shuns a lot of things. He's not very frivolous. He'll sit up until 3 a.m. discussing serious things—politics, law. [Peete's childhood ambition, abandoned when he had to quit school, was to become a lawyer. "It was from the radio shows—*The Shadow*, *Johnny Dollar*," he says. "I always loved the courtroom scenes."] He's patient and very intelligent, and if you have any preconceptions about former lettuce-pickers, he will fool you."

That's so. And once in a while he will amaze you for completely different reasons. As when, halfway through the second round of the Inverrary Tournament in early March, he had words with a spectator, some of them profane, and abruptly withdrew from the tournament. "It was a personal thing," he said, declining to elaborate.

Told that it was worrisome for a friend to contemplate the prospect of some sort of skeleton in Peete's past, Frank said. "There are none. [The man Peete spoke with turned out to be a process server in a 10-year-old civil case in Tampa.] I've never met anyone who holds himself to a higher standard of morality and dedication than Calvin. That preceded his taking up golf. It was responsible for his success, and it's why he'll stay at the top."

Two days after the incident, Peete has returned to his customary equanimity. At lunch with Christine, he discusses the social changes he has seen in golf, the growing number of white faces among the caddies and maintenance men. He says he's immensely gratified to hear of galleries calling him "good for golf."

"Every athlete feels pride in and protective of his sport," Peete says. "Other than beating a ball around, you want to share, to teach." And so Peete, who again leads the tour in driving accuracy, but has made another slow start in the money race (he's 22nd now), often schedules clinics in inner-city neighborhoods, to expose kids to more than how high a golf ball will bounce in an alley.

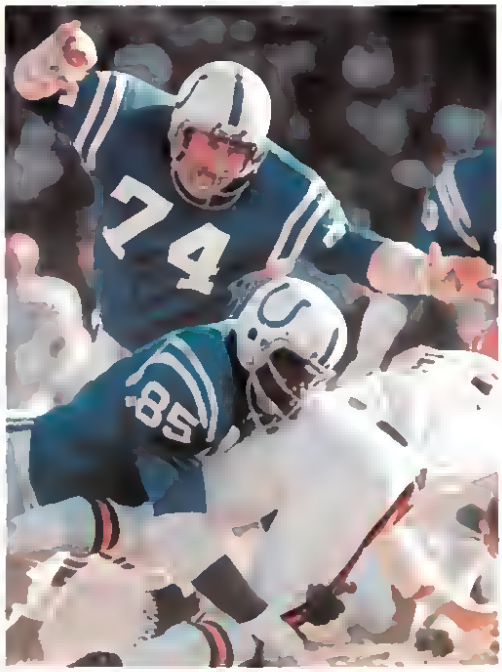


Eighth-grade dropout Peete became a high school grad at 39.

He describes his carefully developed set of stretching exercises: "The thigh, back and buttock muscles do most of the work in the swing—that big turn. You have got to keep the lower back loose. So I lie on the floor on my back with my feet on the floor and do a lot of twisting. That's essential for a golfer who intends to play this game until he's 70 years old."

So there is time, he is asked, to perfect his putting?

"Oh, yes. You know, you have to take these things in stages." END



Billy Ray Sr. (74) was a horse for the Colts for nine seasons.

It wasn't until he was in junior high that Billy Smith, the top-rated defensive player in next week's NFL draft, began signing his name Billy Ray Smith Jr. "I'd started improving athletically," says the son of the former NFL defensive tackle, "and I realized what might be ahead of me. I'd always had a reverence for the name Billy Ray Smith. Billy alone isn't very violent sounding. It sounds like the kind of guy who might spend all his time discussing Thoreau."

Like Father, Like Son



Top prospect Billy Ray Smith Jr. is all ready to follow his dad into pro football, but he's not a carbon copy

by RICK TELANDER

Billy Ray Smith Sr., now 48 and the branch manager of the Dallas office of an investment banking firm, doesn't agree with his son. The elder Smith was at training camp with the Baltimore Colts in 1961 when his second son was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas. His other son, born four years earlier, had been named Kevin Bruce. After that had come the first of his two daughters, Shelly. (The other, Shannon, was born in 1965.) Billy Ray Sr. had declared from the start that nobody in the Smith family, regardless of sex, was going to be named Billy Ray again. The name would end with him.

Then his father-in-law called to say the new baby had arrived. What had his wife, Carroll, named the boy? Billy Ray Smith Jr.

"I wish you hadn't done that," said Billy Ray Sr. later to his wife. "Life's hard enough as it is. A name like that'll *teach* you to fight."

continued

At Arkansas Billy Ray Jr. was a defensive end, but he'll play linebacker in the pros.


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But it didn't. What it did was make the boy proud—and eager to follow in his father's footsteps. Now he appears to be more than ready to fill his dad's shoes, which, by the way, are size 14. A four-year starter at various defensive line positions at Arkansas and a two-time All-America, Billy Ray Jr. was the winner of the Washington Touchdown Club Defensive Player of the Year Award for '82. In the words of University of Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, he's "just a freak of nature." At 6′ 3″ and a weight that's climbing steadily from last season's 232 pounds, Billy Ray Jr., 21, is still smaller than Dad, who goes 6′ 4½″, 250 pounds in his blue business suit. But he's faster than Dad ever was, and quicker, and stronger, and maybe smarter.



Love's in bloom for Smith, who thinks his future bride is perfect on a scale of Nina.

"An unusual boy. Very unusual," says Billy Ray Sr., who also played at Arkansas, before spending 13 years in the NFL with the Rams, Steelers and Colts. "If you ever show him why something happens, you don't have to show him again. I bet he'd score as high on an IQ test as any coach anywhere."

In fact, one NFL team has given Billy Ray Jr. an IQ test, but the club will say nothing about the results except that he scored "above 120." Smarts, at least of the football variety, are an important factor at draft time, and Billy Ray has them in abundance. As a stand-up defensive end, which he played his last two seasons at Arkansas, Smith seemed to be guided to the ball by something other than sight and sound. He would get off the snap so fast and move so unerringly toward the action that teams routinely assigned two linemen to keep him away. Last season Texas A&M used an offensive tackle as a tight end to help block Smith. "He was huge, all padded up, with thick gloves on," recalls Billy Ray Jr. "Of course, it meant they'd taken a receiver out of their pass patterns. But I thought it was a pretty good idea."

Navy added another twist to the double-team. The Midshipmen doubled up on Smith in the usual fashion, but if Smith got past one of the blockers, the other tried to tackle him. Yet despite these obstacles, Billy Ray set career records at Arkansas with 63 tackles behind the line for 343 yards in losses.

After high bench-press totals, low 40-yard times and incomprehensible neck sizes, pro scouts love "intangibles" most. That's why they covet Smith. "I think he'll have the same impact on his team as Lawrence Taylor had on the Giants two years ago," says Gil Brandt, the Dallas Cowboys' vice-president for personnel development. Brandt, like others, feels Smith will be the first defensive player taken in the draft, possibly right after everybody's first choice, Stanford Quarterback John Elway. Brandt sees Smith converting to linebacker in the NFL, probably on the outside, a position that would utilize Smith's blitzing abilities while protecting him from the heavies inside. Still, all the scouts note, it's Smith's personality that makes him the exceptional prize.

"He's one of the classiest people I've ever been around," says Brandt. "In the NFL you can take bad characters and use them—*if* you're winning. But when you're losing three straight, they're the ones who'll complain about the coach, the food, the speed of the airplane. Billy Ray's beyond that. He's a leader."

The Oakland Invaders picked Smith in the first round of the USFL draft this year, for the same reasons the NFL is after him. Invader owner Tad Taube has vivid images of Billy Ray Smith, USFL star. "I see him as a player I could build my whole defense around, like the quarterback on offense," says Taube. So far Smith and his agent, Cleveland attorney George Kalafatis, have said neither yes nor no to Oakland, preferring to wait and see what Smith can fetch in the NFL.

Despite the football dealings going on around him, Billy Ray Jr. isn't at this moment thinking about sports. He's seated on a couch in the Houston home of Cynthia and John Dickinson, holding the hand of 20-year-old Nina (pronounced NINE-a) Dickinson and thinking about marriage. Nina is a stunner, one of those blonde Texas girls who seem to have longer legs and whiter teeth than normal humans. She and Billy Ray met at Arkansas several months ago, fell in love and are now engaged. They have flown to Houston to talk about their wedding plans with Nina's parents.

Billy Ray, who admits to being "kind of old-fashioned," had called the Dickinsons several weeks before to ask for Nina's hand. He did this even before asking Nina if she'd marry him. The couple is planning an Oct. 3 wedding, and the Dickinsons plainly are thrilled that their son-in-law will be a pro football player—

continued



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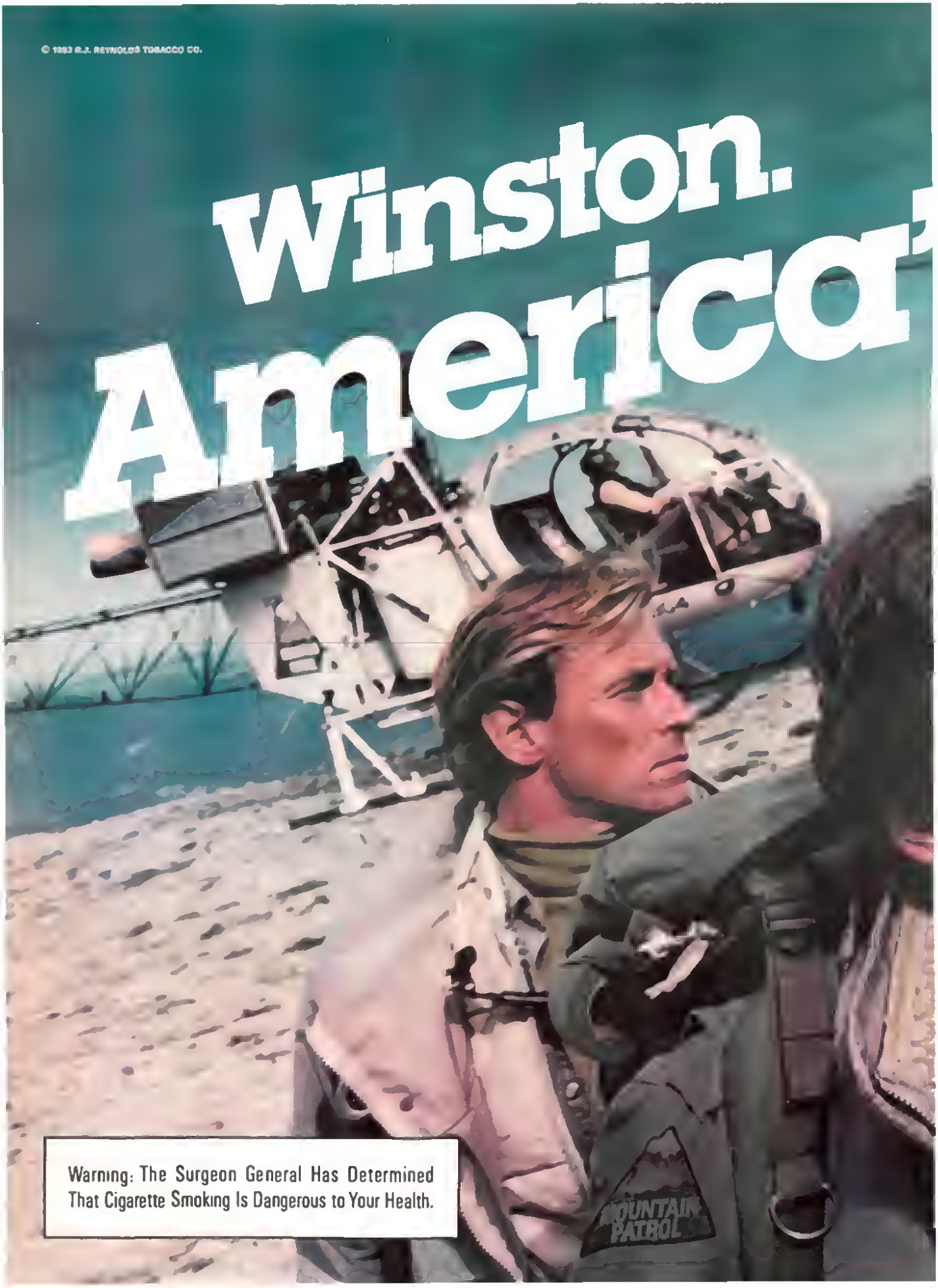
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a courteous, humble one at that. Cynthia, an elegant, impeccably dressed woman, admits that she and the rest of the family have always been big football fans. Nina chirps in that she watched the 1971 Super Bowl and remembers seeing Billy Ray Smith Sr. play in the game, the last before his retirement.

But pro football has its negative aspects, too. Indeed, it was Billy Ray Sr. who had called earlier in the day to bring up one of them. Billy Ray Jr. and Nina couldn't get married in October, he told Mrs. Dickinson, because no pro team would let Billy Ray Jr. off during the season. "The only possible day is a Monday," he said. "And even then, Billy might have a night game." Billy Ray Sr. then suggested that the couple wait a while before getting hitched. "What about December?" he asked Mrs. Dickinson. "Love should last sixty more days, shouldn't it?"

It was partly because his own marriage of 25 years ended in divorce two years ago that the elder Smith was urging his son to go slow. But Billy Ray Jr., who remains close to both his mother and father, would not bend. "I guess I'll have to have it written in my contract that I get two days off in the fall," he said.



Smith got all of his musical talent from Mom, not Dad.

Not long after he played in the Senior Bowl in January Billy Ray dropped out of school, despite having a B— average. With many awards banquets and pro camps to visit, he decided he'd have to re-enroll at Arkansas after his first pro season for his final semester toward a degree in finance and banking. It was a practical decision, but also an emotional one. It was time, Billy Ray felt, for him to earn his own keep, to become his own man, to break away from Dad.

With some help from Korte, Smith has beefed up



Arkansas Head Coach Lou Holtz, who calls Billy Ray Jr. "the best football player I've ever been around," as well as "a joy to coach," "a complete person" and "an 11 on a scale of 10," admits that Smith came to Fayetteville pretty much fully packaged four years ago. Fundamental skills, agility, intellect, dedication—it was all there. Everything but beef: Smith was almost skinny as a freshman. But most significant, feels Holtz, was that Smith's *attitude* was already firmly developed. "I didn't say any of this while he was playing because I don't like to do that," says Holtz. "But Billy Ray is a universal donor. We have lots of universal recipients in the world, people who take from everybody. But Billy Ray is a donor, a person who gives to everybody just through his habits."

And who's responsible for this?

"His dad, really," says Holtz. "I don't think you can give him enough credit."

The irony, of course, is that once you take away the obvious similarities between father and son—size, athletic skill, noses, lower lips, names—you get two very different people. It's hard to figure how Billy Ray Sr. could have made Billy Ray Jr. The elder Smith's background alone separates him from most people. Raised in Augusta, Ark., a farm town close by Bald Knob and Pumpkin Bend, Billy Ray Sr. had to scratch for everything he got. "My dad had a third-grade education," Billy Ray Sr. says. "I used to say, 'I can't do it,' and he'd say, 'You mean, you can't *hardly* do it.' "

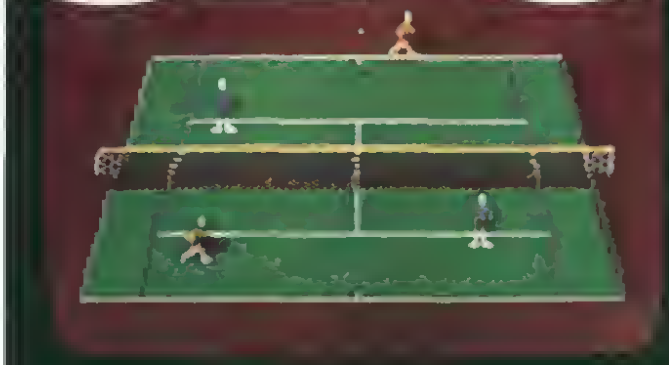
Size and brute strength were two vital elements in Billy Ray Sr.'s daily life. He became a boxer (Golden Gloves, NCAA and AAU) and a barroom brawler, and when his father, J.D., would ask, "When do you give up?" he'd answer, "Never!" When carnivals came to town and barkers asked if anybody thought they could whip their fighters, J.D. would yell, "I know somebody who can!" And Billy Ray would climb into the ring.

At Arkansas Billy Ray Sr. was a fierce all-conference defensive end on the field and a hell-raiser off it. Midway through his junior year he was kicked off the team for breaking curfew. As a pro he was a member of the old school of tough guys—those thick-bellied, underpaid, crew-cut fighters in black high-tops who seemed to play out of equal parts of meanness and pride. Smith hated to lose. When the Colts were upset by the New York Jets in the 1969 Super Bowl, he became, in his words, "hard to live with for a while." Billy Ray Jr. was at that game, and he remembers his father staring off oddly afterward, acting "differently than I've ever seen him before or since."

When the Colts returned to the Super Bowl to play the Cowboys in 1971, Billy Ray Sr. was a battered 35-year-old and

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ready to quit. But he wanted to go out a winner. Just after the half the Cowboys, leading 13–6, fumbled at the Baltimore goal line. Dallas Center Dave Manders later claimed he recovered the ball, with Smith and another Colt, Mike Curtis, falling on top of him. Manders said Smith began screaming in a convincing voice that the Colts had the ball and the referee believed him. Without that turnover Dallas almost certainly would have scored for a 20–6 lead. As it happened, the Cowboys did not score again, and Baltimore went on to win 16–13 on a field goal in the last five seconds.

As a boy Billy Ray Jr. used to visit his father at the Colts' training camp, which was just down the road from the family's

continued

Dr. Z Gazes Into His Crystal Football

With John Elway leading the way, this is the year of the quarterbacks in the NFL draft. Paul Zimmerman thinks four will be first-round selections, but trade rumors are clouding his picture (box, page 62)

1. SAN DIEGO *(Projected trade with Baltimore)*	John Elway, QB, *Stanford*	*The Colts want two first-round choices and a pair of lesser picks this year, plus a No. 1 next year. The Chargers say that's too high. If a deal can't be worked out, Elway could go baseball.*
2. SEATTLE *(Projected trade with Houston)*	Curt Warner, HB, *Penn State*	*New Coach Chuck Knox has been desperately trying to trade up to get Warner, whom he rates a shade over Dickerson—as a finished product and on pass-catching ability*
3. RAMS	Eric Dickerson, HB, *SMU*	*Original choice was Tony Hunter. Dickerson too good to ignore*
4. DENVER	Tony Hunter, TE, *Notre Dame*	*Coach Dan Reeves has wanted him all along. Chris Hinton a possibility.*
5. BALTIMORE *(From S.F. via San Diego)*	Chris Hinton, OT, *Northwestern*	*No. 1 need is offensive-line help, and the 6' 4½", 261-pound Hinton is the best on the board. If no trade is made and San Diego keeps the pick, Chargers will draft Billy Ray Smith.*
6. CHICAGO	Billy Ray Smith, LB, *Arkansas*	*Desperately needs an OT. Can't pass up Smith, though*
7. KANSAS CITY	Tony Eason, QB, *Illinois*	*Could be another QB, Jim Kelly, or DE Mike Pitts.*
8. PHILADELPHIA	James Jones, FB, *Florida*	*Provided the Eagles don't trade for a vet.*
9. HOUSTON *(From Seattle)*	Jumbo Covert, DT, *Pittsburgh*	*Earl Campbell requires blockers. Covert a big (278 pounds), strong roughneck. But secondary could use a Terry Kinard*
10. GIANTS	Bruce Matthews, G, *USC*	*Would prefer an OT, but Matthews is too good an athlete to pass up*
11. GREEN BAY *(From New Orleans)*	Terry Kinard, S-CB, *Clemson*	*A surprise because everyone thinks he should go sooner. Packers will take a long look at the QB situation, though*
12. BUFFALO	Jim Kelly, QB, *Miami*	*Kelly wowed 'em in April workouts. Shoulder O.K. now*
13. DETROIT	Mike Haddix, HB, *Miss. State*	*To guard against Billy Sims's possible USFL defection in '84*
14. BUFFALO *(From Cleveland)*	Mike Pitts, DE, *Alabama*	*The top defensive lineman in the draft. A surprise he isn't going sooner. A pass-rush specialist.*
15. NEW ENGLAND	Gary Anderson, WR, *Arkansas*	*A big-play guy. Only problem is his agent, Jerry Argovitz.*
16. ATLANTA	Joey Browner, S, *USC*	*Will go for Tim Lewis if Browner's taken.*
17. ST. LOUIS	Tim Lewis, CB, *Pittsburgh*	*Willie Gault gets a long look, but secondary needs help*
18. CHICAGO *(From Tampa Bay)*	Willie Gault, WR, *Tennessee*	*An agonizing choice. Do you fill a need and go for the fourth-best offensive lineman or grab the top-rated WR?*
19. MINNESOTA	Don Mosebar, OT, *USC*	*Vikes have gotten great mileage out of Trojan offensive linemen.*
20. BALTIMORE *(From Green Bay via San Diego)*	Vernon Maxwell, LB, *Arizona State*	*Coach Frank Kush rates him on a par with Smith. If Chargers keep the pick, they'll go defense again, probably a CB, unless Anderson's still available.*
21. PITTSBURGH	Gabriel Rivera, DT, *Texas Tech*	*Flirting with the idea of returning to the 4-3 defense.*
22. SAN FRANCISCO *(From San Diego)*	Cliff Austin, HB, *Clemson*	*Not certain. Could trade for vet or pick Nebraska Halfback Roger Craig. Austin was personally scouted by Coach Bill Walsh*
23. DALLAS	Darryl Talley, LB, *W. Virginia*	*A crucial selection because of Guy Brown's probable retirement*
24. JETS	Todd Blackledge, QB, *Penn State*	*Jets high on Penn Staters. A surprise that Blackledge is still available*
25. CINCINNATI	Leonard Smith, CB, *McNeese State*	*Strictly by the board. Bengals rate him tops of what's left*
26. RAIDERS	Dave Rimington, C, *Nebraska*	*Al Davis loves height. Rimington is only 6' 2½"—but dynamic.*
27. MIAMI	Wayne Capers, WR, *Kansas*	*Coach Don Shula wants a big receiver, and Capers is 6'3", 196*
28. WASHINGTON	Jim Jeffcoat, DE, *Arizona State*	*Fundamentally sound. General Manager Bobby Beathard's type of guy.*



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home in Westminster, Md. Every year on his birthday, Aug. 10, he even got to spend the night at the camp. Billy Ray Jr. remembers a few things from those visits—that Dad's roommate, Bubba Smith, was frighteningly huge; that he once asked Colt Center Dick Szymanski if he were Johnny Unitas—but mostly the images are blurred. "I really didn't realize how privileged I was," he says. Privilege, indeed, is one of those things that often goes unnoticed in its passage from father to son. It was one of the things Billy Ray Sr. gave his family, and then wondered if he should have.

"Billy hasn't had the chance to fight in barrooms like I did," says Dad with something approaching regret. Billy Ray Sr. tried to get Billy Ray Jr. into boxing once, but the youngster rejected the sport. "I'm not as violent as he is," says Billy Ray Jr. "I don't like fights. Whenever I got in a fight in high school, I'd just hold the guy until the principal came."

The biggest privilege father provided for son was the chance to spend his junior high and high school years in Plano, Texas, a booming, middle-class, sports-minded Dallas suburb. Billy Ray Sr. moved the family there from Maryland in 1971. Billy Ray Jr. blossomed as an athlete in Plano, excelling in sports as disparate as baseball, swimming and soccer. The Plano football system, a sophisticated program that features a 15,000-seat, synthetic-turf stadium, modern weight and training rooms and many coaches, quickly fine-tuned Billy Ray's football skills. By the time he graduated from Plano Senior High, Billy Ray had twice played for the Texas State 4A Championship, with one of those games taking place in Texas Stadium before nearly 50,000 people.

Billy Ray Sr. gave his son a few pointers now and then, but he didn't interfere with the Plano program. "I've just seen too many boys ruined by their fathers," Billy Ray Sr. says. He couldn't help being perplexed, however, as he watched his son turn into a finesse player who got the job done through agility and craft rather than emotion and force.

"Billy *never* gets mad playing football. He's *unusual*," the father said recently in his Dallas office. Behind him a green computer screen blinked stock prices. Next to him was his folded sports coat, size 52 long. Around him curled a blue haze of cigar smoke. He used to chew tobacco. Billy Ray Jr. remembers that you could tell the Smith family car by the brown streaks running from the driver's door to the rear bumper.

The big man shook his head and smiled. "Now I used to get *mad*," he said. "When SMU beat Arkansas up in Fayetteville two years ago, I was so mad that I cried in the locker room. And Billy Ray just looked at me and said, 'Aw Dad.' "

Says Billy Ray Jr., "Dad is, well, the quintessential country boy, a great lesson in what football can do for you. He had it hard, and I had an easy ride. If I'd gone through what he did, I'd probably be a lot like him."

In fact, Billy Ray Jr. may be more like Carroll, a lively, musically talented woman who works as a purchasing secretary for the Plano schools. She is usually given credit for her son's musical gifts—he can play the piano, bass guitar and trombone—but she wonders how much anybody had to do with his character. "All of our children are different," she says. "Our older son is more like his dad in a lot of ways. But Billy has always been so good-natured and poised, so filled with confidence. He just showed up smiling. And nobody can take credit for that."

As draft day has gotten closer, Smith has for the most part stayed at his apartment in Fayetteville and worked out daily with teammate Steve Korte, an All-America guard. The two have been lifting weights feverishly and running to improve their speed. Smith was a linebacker in the Senior Bowl and impressed all the scouts with his savvy at a position he'd never played. But there was minor concern among the scouts that he might not be heavy enough or fast enough to dominate in the big league. Last season he played at as low as 228 pounds, his 40 time was supposedly about 4.9, a little slow for an outside linebacker.

Under Korte's guidance Smith is now bench-pressing 405 pounds and has bulked up noticeably with what scouts call "good weight." More important, the extra muscle has made him quicker. As word of Smith's character spread through the scouting ranks, his stock rose. Now it may surge higher, if that is possible, when word gets out about his latest progress.

A week ago a Dallas scout visited Fayetteville and weighed Smith in at 243. He timed Smith at 4.65. "Isn't that something?" marvels Brandt. "If it'd been anybody else, I'd say they cheated. But not Billy Ray Smith." **END**

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS LET'S MAKE A DEAL

This may be the most confusing NFL draft in history. "It's certainly the toughest one to figure since I've been in the business," says Jack Faulkner, the Rams' administrator of football operations. The source of the confusion: There's so much talent that almost every team is trying to trade up for one of the first five picks.

As of last Sunday, San Diego, with two picks in the first round (the fifth and 20th) and two in the second, was the clear front-runner in the John Elway Sweepstakes, if Baltimore should choose to trade away the No. 1 pick in the draft. Three trade rumors center around the second pick, owned by Houston. The first one, oddly enough, also involves the Chargers. It has San Diego giving up the earlier of its two first-round choices and a lower-rounder for the Oilers' pick, so the Chargers can draft SMU Tailback Eric Dickerson. Three NFL sources say this Charger-Oiler deal has already been made. The only trouble is that none of them comes from San Diego.

More logical is a prospective trade in which Seattle (ninth selection in the first round) puts together a package to get the Oilers' choice and then drafts Penn State Halfback Curt Warner. The Seahawks are desperate for a runner. Trade rumor No. 3 involves the Rams (third in the first round), who would use their extra picks (two in each of the third, fourth and fifth rounds) to swap first-round positions with the Oilers and get Dickerson. Houston would then trade spots in the first round with Seattle.

Denver holds the fourth spot in the first round, and Dallas has supposedly offered the Broncos its first-round pick (23rd) plus Tight End Jay Saldi and Flanker Butch Johnson for the Broncos' choice, which would then go for Billy Ray Smith.

More prospective first-round trades: Philadelphia giving up its eighth spot for a proven fullback, Buffalo using its two picks (12th and 14th) to trade upward for a quality quarterback; San Francisco peddling its 22nd choice in the round, plus a veteran, to move into position for a high-level runner; and the Raiders putting any kind of a package together to land Elway.

The 49ers also are rumored to be in the market for a veteran running back, either Detroit's Billy Sims or Houston's Earl Campbell, with San Francisco offering the pick of its secondary. The Chargers are reported to be ready to deal backup Quarterback Ed Luther to better position themselves for an Elway trade. —P.Z.



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**[illegible]

The Original Amateur Hour II

KABC in L.A. used a Ted Mack tack to find sports-talk host Merrie Rich

by William Taaffe

The most-listened-to radio station in Los Angeles, KABC Talkradio, has recently completed what it called The Sportstalk Talent Search, a kind of Ted Mack amateur hour for sports junkies who wanted to take their habit public. It was enough to stir the fantasies of every man and woman who can answer questions like how many Ks did Fernando Valenzuela have at Etchohuaquila in '79?



While the contest had a promotional aspect, it was essentially for real. First prize was a $25,000-a-year job as a commentator on *Sportstalk*, which airs from 4 to 7 p.m. on KABC five days a week. The winner would work with gravel-voiced *Sportstalk* host Bud (The Steamer) Furillo and his gentlemanly sidekick, Tommy Hawkins, the former basketball star. Second prize was a one-week vacation in Puerto Rico plus $1,000 walking-around money. Third, fourth and fifth prizes: a weekend in Palm Springs.

The ultimate reward, of course, would be instant celebrity, a much-desired commodity in L.A. And, oh, how the cattle came in for the call. Forklift operators and cocktail waitresses showed up at shopping centers for auditions, as did lawyers, part-time actors, a punk rocker and little old ladies brimming with enthusiasm. On and on they droned about how they were "people persons." They cut tapes that described how they talk sports to their spouses and how Carl at the plant told them they knew so much about Steve Garvey they couldn't miss. Joan Caulfield, Bing Crosby's leading lady in a number of films, tried out. So did Phyllis (The Pom-pom Mom) Wanger, who was pushing 60 when she retired as a Rams cheerleader. Johnny Roseboro, the former Dodger catcher, came in for a hearing. So did a guy who was willing to change his name to Sylvia and become talk radio's answer to Tootsie because he knew the station preferred a female. Only in California.

In all, more than 1,800 talkers auditioned. The winner turned out to be a 37-year-old New Yorker named Merrie Rich, who used to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* at Knick and Ranger games in Madison Square Garden and of late has been doing sports p.r. She may be the first full-time woman sports commentator on a major U.S. station, a fact that delights KABC.

The station originally restricted the contest to women, which enraged almost every fellow in L.A. who has ever dreamed of sitting next to the Steamer. KABC is No. 1 in the ratings in large part because it broadcasts Dodger games, but in the off-season, women have been bailing out as soon as the female psychologist's talk show gave way at four to *Sportstalk*. Within a week after the ads announcing the contest appeared on Feb. 14, station General Manager George Green was threatened with lawsuits charging sex discrimination. So he opened the competition to men.

By last month station officials had narrowed the field to 25, who were invited to KABC to face a series of surprise sports questions and to take audio tests. "We asked them what the Dodgers' starting lineup would be," says Green. "A lot of them couldn't get through the outfield. They started laughing and winging it, saying, 'Well, you got me there.' " Another self-destructo was "What's a triple-double in basketball?" (Answer: Double figures in scoring, rebounds and assists.)

Finally, the cattle call became all USDA choice as KABC reduced the field to six women and four men. Among them were a schoolteacher, a part-time actress who once played the Fonz's girl friend on *Happy Days*, a comedian who toured with George Carlin and a character who has been in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for eating 100 yards of spaghetti in 28.73 seconds. All had talent.

Green arranged a climactic round of auditions, with each contestant interviewing Elgin Baylor or Gloria Yeager, wife of the Dodger catcher, cold turkey. Twelve judges, brought in from local newspapers, TV stations and sports teams, listened in a nearby room via an intercom and issued grades. Rich, blessed with a voice as full and comforting as those on phone recordings ("At the tone, the time will be . . ."), easily outscored her peers. In follow-up quizzes she could name only one team (Georgia) in this year's NCAA basketball Final Four, and she thought Cale Yarborough and Darrel Waltrip were Formula 1 drivers, but Green selected her anyway.

Rich is keeping her apartment in Manhattan, if only because a mere 13 weeks—$6,250—of her salary is guaranteed. She needn't worry. Her commentaries have seemed a bit preachy during her first two weeks on the air, but she's a genuine find, comfy and personable, who, despite an occasional stumble, is adequately informed in most areas of sport. And she still hasn't gotten over that infectious sense of wonder. As Rich said in her debut, "Do you believe in miracles? Well I sure do." END



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Stanley has the steam

The Red Sox' Bob Stanley is a long reliever who doesn't get short shrift

by Jim Kaplan



Cleveland Pitcher Rick Sutcliffe, who began last season as the Indians' long man and ended it as the club's top starter, calls long relief "the worst job in baseball." Traditionally, it has been so undesirable a calling that it hasn't even inspired humor. "No jokes, just sympathy," says Kansas City's short-relief ace, Dan Quisenberry, normally a fount of fun. "It's not what you'd call a coveted job."

Except by Boston's Bob Stanley. In 1982 the hulking—6′ 4″, 225-pound—righthander set an American League record of 168⅓ innings pitched in relief. He went four or more innings 18 times, getting nine wins and three saves in the process. He also pitched some long short relief, amassing 14 saves without ever pitching less than 1⅓ innings. And he held leads in four other games the Sox won. Altogether, Stanley, who was 12–7 with a 3.10 ERA, contributed to 30 of Boston's 89 wins. The Red Sox finished third, six games out in the American League East, and tied for the sixth-best record in baseball. Without Stanley they might have had the sixth-worst. "He should have won the Cy Young Award," says Boston Pitcher Bruce Hurst.

Several factors contributed to Stanley's remarkable season. He was frequently needed to bail out the Sox' shaky starters, who failed to survive the fifth inning 52 of 162 times. He was often working in Fenway Park, where a game is truly never over until it's over. And as a pitcher in the designated-hitter league, he wasn't getting replaced by pinch hitters. But most of all, he had extraordinary stuff.

"He's one of the best pitchers I've ever managed," says Boston's Ralph Houk, skipper of the Yankees (1961-73) and the Tigers (1974-78) before joining the Red Sox in 1981. "You can use him in long and short relief because he rebounds so quickly. He's more valuable than a 20-game winner, and I have to talk him out of pitching. Contrary to what people think, he could pitch more than he does. I only use him when we have a chance to win, and I don't like to use him two days in a row."

Stanley, 28, has never had either an arm problem or a head problem in the big leagues. He realizes he'll probably never win enough or save enough to attract much notice outside of Boston. "I ain't going to win no Rolaids," he says, referring to the relief-pitcher award. "I'm not complaining. I just go as hard as I can for as long as I can. The Red Sox need a good bullpen to win."

Even before last year Stanley had had no losing seasons and had run up a 59–37 record by relying primarily on his sharply—some say moistly—breaking sinker to throw strikes and induce ground balls. Though he admits he threw a spitter on occasion in the past, he says he doesn't now. However, last year he did add a palmball, taught him by Pete Ladd of the Brewers. That helped him overcome his one nagging shortcoming, an inability to handle lefthanded batters with authority. He throws his sinker with a fastball motion, and his palmball behaves like a changeup. No wonder the hitters are confused.

They were more confused than ever this spring, when Stanley perfected a slider and had a 1.96 ERA. "He's tougher than ever now on righthanders," says Catcher Rich Gedman, "because they can't wait for the sinker."

Two weeks ago, in Stanley's first outing of the 1983 season, he relieved John Tudor with Boston leading 7–3 in the fifth and set down Toronto on five hits and one run, striking out four and walking none to get the win. Three days later Stanley had what appeared to be a terrible outing. He gave up five hits and four runs over two innings as the Red Sox blew a 7–0 lead and lost 9–7 at Texas. Actually, the five hits came on two seeing-eye grounders and three bloops. "The only ball they hit hard we caught," says Houk. "He couldn't have pitched any better." Houk shrugged, and added in baseballese, "You had to see it to visualize it."

If you saw Stanley, you wouldn't visualize a winner, because he has the body of a tavern softball player. "God didn't give me a body," he says, "just an arm." And he loves to use it. A day after his loss to the Rangers, Stanley told Houk he was ready to work again. "No," said Houk, "there are 157 games left."

With 155 left last Wednesday night, Stanley relieved in the sixth, replacing Mike Brown, whose arm had stiffened up in 39° weather. Because the Red Sox were leading Kansas City 11–2 at the time, Stanley wasn't exactly pitching in a pressure situation. Nonetheless, he produced some magic. The first batter, Willie Aikens, lined a shot at Stanley's stomach. Stanley instinctively stuck out his glove and caught the ball. Then he remembered there was a runner on base and fired to First Baseman Dave Stapleton, doubling up Amos Otis. Stanley laughed all the way to the dugout. All in all, he did precisely what was expected of him in such a pro forma appearance:

continued



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work fast and throw strikes. In 3⅓ innings he gave up four hits and two meaningless runs en route to his first save of '83. "I mostly threw sinkers," he said. "I didn't want to show them anything in a game like this." Actually, he has shown quite a bit so far. By the end of last week he had a win and two saves in five appearances totaling 16⅔ innings.

While growing up in Kearny, N.J., Stanley played sports and did very little else. "If it wasn't for sports, I would*n*'t have made it through high school," he says. "I studied only to stay eligible." He was drafted by the Dodgers and was offered a $4,000 bonus but unaccountably decided to attend college. After one month at Newark State (now called Kean College of New Jersey), he realized that he still wasn't a student. "I called up Commissioner Kuhn and told him I wanted to change my mind. He told me, 'All right, I'll put you in the January draft.' The Red Sox picked me. I got $4,000. I think I worked a lot harder than if I'd gotten a lot of money. Some people get big bonuses and act like they've already made the big leagues."

Stanley is a solid citizen, who does volunteer work for the Jimmy Fund for children's cancer research and lives in Wenham, Mass. with his wife, Joan, and children Kristin, 3, Kyle, 2, and Kerri, eight months. "Three Ks," he says. "That's the only way I'm going to strike out the side."

Stanley can be a cutup around the clubhouse. During a rain delay in Kansas City last week, he organized a miniature golf tournament played with bats, baseballs and paper cups; imitated Gedman's unorthodox swing; and, after many requests from his teammates, did his takeoff on Bob Cousy's basketball announcing: "Wobet Weid to Moses Mawone—bwocked by Wawwy Biwd!"

Although Stanley insists he no longer throws a spitter, some of his teammates seem to suggest otherwise. "Don't call it an unnatural pitch," says Stanley's bullpen mate John Henry Johnson. "There's nothing unnatural on it at all."

"Just say it sinks naturally," says Hurst.

"You could say I'm known for throwing a spitter but not that I admit to throwing one," says Stanley. "Give me a lie detector test, ask me if I throw a spitter, and I'd pass. I don't use spit."

Whatever he uses, it's been working for a good long time.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

While bouncing from the Mets to the Rangers to the Yankees to the Pirates, Centerfielder Lee Mazzilli has carried a "bad arm" tag. Just how bad was evident during 4–3 and 9–1 Pittsburgh losses last week to the Cardinals. On four occasions, Redbirds took an extra base against Mazzilli that they might not even have attempted against another centerfielder. Three times the perpetrator was Keith Hernandez, who's hardly a whippet on the bases. In the 10th inning of the first game, he tagged up on a shallow fly to center and scored the winning run. Says Hernandez: "Mazzilli's the *only* guy I would attempt to score against [on such a play] in the big leagues."

> *"Baseball is my life," says Chicago Pitcher Dickie Noles, who went on the disabled list last week so he could undergo alcohol rehabilitation treatment for the second time. "It's all I want to do, but I won't even be able to do it if I don't stop drinking."*

The best offer of the season may already have been made by Bruce Sutter of the Cardinals, who last week picked up a win and a save in relief. He's surprised that no one comes to him for tips about throwing his split-fingered fastball. Says Sutter, "I'd be glad to show someone. Be glad to do anything I could to help a guy make a better living for himself and his family."

For years, Angel Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi has given his players four rules to live by. The first three concern the use of drugs, wearing a helmet when batting and showing respect for the flag during the playing of the national anthem. "This year I dropped the fourth rule," Bavasi says. No. 4 used to read: "We prefer that no player borrow money from another player. Should there be an *emergency*, feel free to see me with regard to an advance." That rule was deleted, Bavasi says, "because players make so much money now that the club will have to borrow from *them*."

Bavasi's prophecy came true when the Padres recently went to Las Vegas for an exhibition game with their farm club there. When Traveling Secretary John Mattei asked the clerk at the Flamingo Hilton Hotel for keys to the players' rooms, he was told he'd first have to pay the bill in advance—$1,210.62. When the clerk would not honor the club's check, Pitcher John Montefuseo peeled off a dozen $100s. Then Mattei handed the clerk an additional $11 and told him to keep the change.

Cardinal Joaquin Andujar's 12th victory in a row, including postseason play, was a 9–1 throttling of the Pirates that cut his ERA during that streak to 1.49. . . . With Omar Moreno gone to Houston, Lee Lacy has replaced him as Pittsburgh's leadoff man and at week's end paced both leagues in steals with 10. . . . Newest nickname: Pirate rookie Jim Winn, 23, who throws smoke, is called The Boy Cannon, after former Outfielder Jim (The Toy Cannon) Wynn, who hit 291 homers.

A rare accomplishment: Phillie Manager Pat Corrales got an ump to change his mind. He did it after a 3–2 pitch by Met Reliever Neil Allen in the last of the 10th of a 3–3 game bounced across the plate. As Schmidt headed for first, he was stopped by home plate umpire Ed Montague, who said it was only ball three. Out came Corrales, who convinced Montague he was wrong. Schmidt went to first and subsequently scored the winning run.

Seattle Manager Rene Lachemann hit his Mariners with some broadsides after they lost to Oakland 5–3 last Thursday night. It was Seattle's fourth loss in five games, and it came against an A's lineup that was minus five regulars. After his locker-room tirade ended, the usually mild-

continued

FOUL BALL

After years of resistance, UPI and AP now provide box scores that list the "Game-Winning RBI." This goes to the player who drives in the winning run no matter when he does so—first inning or ninth—or what the final score is—1–0 or 12–2. It's a bad stat, implying as it does excellence under pressure. If the GWRBI is to carry any credence, it should go only to a player who drives in the decisive run from the seventh inning on.



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mannered Lachemann calmed down and went over it again more slowly for the press: "I said I was tired of getting embarrassed. I'm tired of seeing balls go through people, tags not being made, fly balls not being caught and pitchers making mistakes. Either they start playing as well as they are capable, or I'll make changes. I'll go to the bench first. Then I'll go to [our AAA farm club in] Salt Lake City. I'll go to Japan. I'll even go to Russia if I have to and I can get passports." Well, in their next outing the Mariners shaped up, beating the A's 5–1 as Gaylord Perry won the 308th game of his career, tying Hoss Radbourn for 12th on the alltime list.

Earl Weaver's retirement as Oriole manager ended 15 years of tomato-growing contests with Baltimore groundskeeper Pat Santarone at Memorial Stadium. "I was hoping Earl would appoint Jim Palmer as designated grower," Santarone said sadly.

In his first at bat in the majors, Dann Bilardello doubled in the game-winning run in a 5–1 Reds triumph over the Cubs. Afterward the heavy-footed catcher said, "My first thought when I saw the ball skipping off the AstroTurf as I rounded first was that I'd get a triple. Then I remembered who was running."

MEN OF STEAL

At the behest of new manager Doug Rader, the Rangers are much more aggressive on the bases this year. Texas had 63 steals in 1982 but 10 at the end of last week. Call 'em the Raders of the Lost Art.

By beating the Mariners 6–1, Geoff Zahn of the Angels ran his American League career ERA for April to 2.60 and his record for the month to 19–4. . . . Last Thursday Damaso Garcia of Toronto made his 12th consecutive successful steal of third, dating back to 1981. . . . San Francisco's switch-hitting Chili Davis, who had three home runs from the right side last year, through week's end had already slugged three as a righty, all off San Diego lefty Dave Dravecky.

Slugging Outfielder Darryl Strawberry is in Triple A ball right now, but the Mets are sure he'll be their Mr. Excitement in the near future. Strawberry, though, came across more like a huckleberry on his first date with Southern Cal basketball All-America Paula McGee, to whom he was recently engaged.

"We met when we helped at the Special Olympics at Compton College in 1981," Strawberry says. "She didn't know anything about me as a baseball player, which was nice. She called me for our first date." That date began with Strawberry watching McGee play basketball for the first time, after which he took her to dinner. "Then we went to my parents' house and she fell asleep on my lap," says Strawberry.

"He's the best hit-and-run man I've ever seen," said Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson after John Wockenfuss came through with an H&R single during a 13–2 rout of the Yankees. "I must have an average of .700 or .800 on the hit-and-run," Wockenfuss said. "People have pitched out and I've still done it."

Last year Atlanta opened the season with 13 straight wins. This year the Braves lost their opener and won the next seven, proving, as the many critics who thought Atlanta's '82 division title was a fluke had suspected, the Braves couldn't get off to a blazing start again. . . . The Astros were on the verge of a modern NL record for start-of-season defeats when they lost their first nine games and fell behind 6–0 against Montreal in the sixth inning of the 10th game. But while Expo (and former Houston) Manager Bill Virdon looked on in dismay, the Astros battled back to win 7–6 in 10 innings. That left Houston merely tied for the record with three other teams.

When Mike Ferraro was named last fall to follow Dave Garcia as the new Cleveland manager, many of his players hoped he'd be firmer with the umpires than was his easygoing predecessor, who rarely left the dugout to challenge umps. Ferraro is. Last week he followed another Garcia—umpire Rich—while berating him for calling an Indian out on a close play at first base.

George Brett of the Royals believes that topspin will prevent a tailspin. That's why he chatted with Boston's Wade Boggs, a .349 hitter last year, who is adept at using his top hand to produce topspin on a batted ball. Brett, who was hitting .429 at week's end, attributed "the best start of my career" largely to "getting this additional topspin, which has gotten balls through the infield quickly. That's the difference between hitting .300 and .220." Boggs, who has bettered .300 for six straight years in the majors and minors and who was at .396 on Sunday, calls himself a "born hitter."

Oakland President Roy Eisenhardt gave Third Baseman Carney Lansford permission to remain away from the A's "as long as he wishes" after Lansford's 2-year-old son, Nicholas, died of a rare kidney disease. . . . Tim Lollar of the Padres hasn't had his best fastball or slider yet, causing worry that his arm may have worn down from pitching 233⅔ innings last season. He was scheduled to see a doctor this week and is expected to miss at least one start. . . . The Giants, who've taken heat for dealing Al Holland and Joe Morgan to the Phillies for righthander Mike Krukow, felt the temperature go higher when they had to put Krukow on the disabled list because of an inflamed right elbow. END

BALL PARK FIGURES

Of the 650 players in the majors, at week's end 78 (or 12%) were rookies, with 40 in the American League and 38 in the National. The youngest rookies in the respective leagues are: Seattle Pitcher Edwin Nunez, 19, and Houston Catcher John Mizerock, 22. And the oldest are: Minnesota Pitcher Rick Lysander, 30, and Atlanta Catcher Larry Owen, 27. Detroit and Philadelphia are the only clubs that don't have at least one rookie. Here's the distribution by team:

7—Astros, Reds
5—Twins, A's, Mariners, Mets
4—Rangers, White Sox, Pirates
3—Red Sox, Indians, Brewers, Cubs, Braves, Dodgers
2—Orioles, Royals, Angels, Expos, Giants
1—Blue Jays, Yankees, Padres, Cardinals

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MILT WILCOX: *The Tiger righthander was within one out of pitching a perfect game against the White Sox when Jerry Hairston hit a pinch single. Wilcox then retired the next batter for his 6–0 win.*

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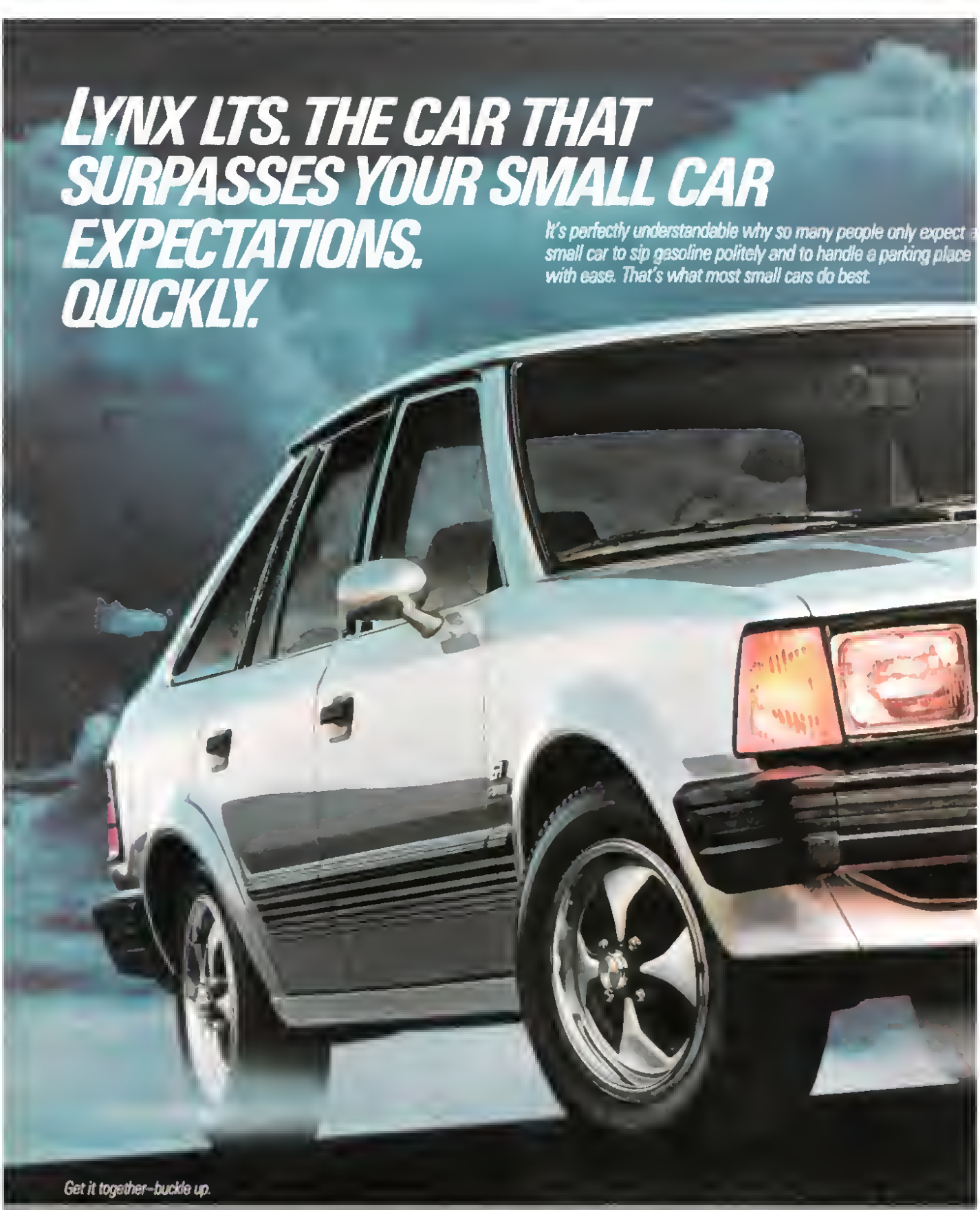
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P175/75R14	$51.00	P205/75R15	$65.00
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P195/75R14	$59.00	P225/75R15	$69.00
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GOODYEAR

Billy Ball: four runs, four hits

And, so far, no errors for this undefeated 3-year-old with Derby dreams

by William Leggett



Figone would like both his Billy Ball and Billy Martin to take the trip to Churchill Downs.

In recent weeks headline writers in Northern California have been having a blast with a gray colt named Billy Ball, after the diamond style employed by Billy Martin during his term (1980-82) as manager of the Oakland A's. Billy Ball is the only undefeated stakes-winning colt with serious designs on the Kentucky Derby, and just take a gander at what has been appearing on Bay Area sports pages: MAJOR LEAGUE PROSPECT?; MOST VALUABLE RUNNER; BILLY BALL GEARS UP FOR THE MAJORS; DERBY FIELD MAY HAVE A BILLY BALL; BILLY BALL ROLLS TO EASY VICTORY. When the colt was vanned down the coast to Santa Anita in mid-March to train out of the Northern California rain, one paper ran this headline: RAIN DELAYS BALL GAME.

Billy Ball has won his four starts by a total of 22 lengths, but because of the horrible weather in the Bay Area, he has yet to compete on a fast track. He was unraced as a 2-year-old and his maiden win came on Jan. 29 at Bay Meadows in the slop. He followed that with a 10-length victory in mud on Feb. 8 in the $38,350 Golden Bear Stakes at Golden Gate. In his third start, on Feb. 24, he caught a "good" track at Golden Gate and won by seven lengths. Three weeks ago he won the $50,350 Gold Rush Stakes at Golden Gate over a "dead" track following a frustrating 36-day layoff. Mediocre horses aren't capable of such achievements.

Billy Ball is as Bay Area as The Golden Gate Bridge, Nob Hill and Carol Doda. Bred in Pleasanton, Calif., he's owned by two garbage men, El Cerrito residents Lewis Figone and Richard Granzella, the proprietors of Bay View Refuse and Richmond Sanitation, respectively.

Figone is an old friend of Martin's. "We grew up together," Figone says, "and before that our mothers were very close friends. Billy went to Berkeley High School and I went to El Cerrito, but we were always together. When Billy managed the A's, I went to every home game. Last year I even made four road trips to watch the A's and be with Billy. I have 18 garbage trucks and my workday goes from 4:30 in the morning until one in the afternoon, odd hours, but they give me time to do things."

Martin, who's now in his third tour as the New York Yankees' manager, knows all about Billy Ball the colt, and loves to show pictures of him to friends. Martin saw Billy Ball break his maiden at Bay Meadows and was in the winner's circle after that victory. Yankee owner George Steinbrenner knows all about Billy Ball, too. What George doesn't learn from his manager about the horse he finds out from Figone.

"Each time Billy Ball wins I send a winner's circle photograph to Steinbrenner," says Figone. "He knows what it's about. He had a starter in the Kentucky Derby himself [Steve's Friend, fifth in Seattle Slew's 1977 Derby victory]. I wrote to him and asked, if the Yankees are four or five in front by May 7, whether he'd let Billy take the day off and go to the Kentucky Derby. The Yankees are scheduled to play in Minnesota that day, but if they're not four or five games in front, I'm not going to bring the subject up to Mr. Steinbrenner again." At week's end New York was 1½ games *out* of first place in the American League East, so Billy will really have to play some ball if Figone is to reissue his invitation.

Billy Ball has been a source of kidding between Steinbrenner and Martin. "I told Billy during spring training that he wasn't allowed to talk about the horse," Steinbrenner says. " 'Billy,' I said, 'winning at Bay Meadows and Golden Gate isn't Churchill Downs. You concentrate on baseball, I'll take care of the horses.' "

Billy Ball's chances of starting in the Derby are clouded by the money-earnings rule that restricts the Derby field to 20 starters, based on earnings. Billy Ball's

continued

bankroll is only $64,800; as of last weekend, there were at least 25 sound and eligible horses with earnings of more than $100,000.

Since it was first invoked in 1981, the money rule has been a source of confusion. The difficulty is that all earnings are counted, and horses run for very different kinds of purses. Many states have races restricted to horses bred or foaled in those states, with those eligible competing for highly inflated purses. The perfect example of such foolishness is the HITS Parade Invitational Derby held at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. The race is for "Foals of 1980 auctioned off at the HITS Parade Invitational 2-year-olds In Training sale of March 1, 1982." That's a mighty restricted horse race and it carries a purse of $100,000. Last year's HITS Parade winner was Real Dare, who won a ton of money not only in that race but in other restricted events at the Fair Grounds. The $180,081 earned in those outings got Real Dare to Louisville with no problems whatsoever. But in the Derby, you couldn't find Real Dare with a search warrant. He finished dead last.

Although they aren't talking about it publicly, the folks who manage Churchill Downs are considering changing the money rule to a more sensible one, a point system under which participation in major races (graded stakes) and the length of a horse's races would be the main criteria for eligibility. As the rule stands now it eliminates developing 3-year-olds like Billy Ball, especially if they failed to race and win money at two. In the 108 previous runnings of the Kentucky Derby, only Apollo in 1882 ever won without having raced as a 2-year-old. Billy Ball didn't start last year because Figone does not believe in rushing his horses. "I had a bad experience with Frau, the first horse I ever owned," Figone says. "She won her first start as a 2-year-old in 1977 at Sportsman's Park on a disqualification and later placed in a stakes, but she was injured. Since then I've decided it's better not to race horses until they're developed."

Figone got Billy Ball when Virginia Campbell, a woman who had worked for Figone's father, became terminally ill. "When she got sick, she told her husband to make sure I got first chance to buy her three horses," says Figone. "I bought them all for $15,000. One was named Me and Virginia and she did well. Another wasn't named yet, so I called him Billy Martin, but he bowed a tendon, so I sold him for a riding pony after I'd changed his name to Rupert. I just didn't want a horse roaming around with Billy's name on it. The third horse was Rukann, and I bred her to Shady Fellow at Rancho Del Charro Stallion Station for $1,500. That produced Billy Ball."

Jockey J.R. Anderson, Billy's regular rider, believes the colt is capable of going a distance. "I rode a very good horse named Full Pocket," Anderson says, "and he won 27 races from 5 furlongs to 1 1/16 miles, and the two horses are so similar it's eerie. Calm, relaxed and all business. There's no doubt in my mind that Billy Ball can go 1¼ miles."

To get the opportunity to try the Derby distance, Billy Ball must either win or finish second in the April 23 California Derby, a $175,000 race originally worth $200,000. (A janitors' strike at Golden Gate has caused a drop in attendance and handle—and thus in purses.)

Figone and Granzella have never attended a Kentucky Derby, and Anderson, 36, hasn't had a Derby mount in his 17 years of riding. Billy Ball's trainer, 71-year-old Ross Brinson, who has been in the business for 50 years, got the closest to seeing a Derby of any of the Billy Ball crowd. Over the years Brinson has covered a lot of territory, moving across America in the cab of a truck with a couple of horses rolling along behind in a trailer. His life has taken him to tracks long since covered over by tumbleweed in Texas, Arizona and Arkansas. He remembers well the first and only time he went to Churchill Downs. "It was in nineteen and forty," he says. "Must have been a little after five in the morning on Derby Day. Got there early to pick up a horse and take it on to Fairmount Park. There was a young rider with me named Steve Brooks, and I said, 'Steve, you ever think about winning a Kentucky Derby?' He said, 'I think about it a lot, Mr. Brinson. Some day I'm going to do it.' Felt sorry about not being able to let him see that Derby—Gallahadion won it—but we had to get moving. We didn't have any money. We got down to $12 between us, when we started a horse in a race at Fairmount. The jock's fee was $10; I bet the other $2 on the horse and down he come. I sent Steve to cash the ticket and told him that half of it was his. He took $17 and bought a pair of riding boots and then brought me back the biggest part of the bet, $17.50. We slept in a hotel that night for the first time in a long time. Steve won his Kentucky Derby in 1949 on Ponder for Calumet Farm."

In 1947 Brinson trained a horse named Cover Up, who won the Hollywood Gold Cup one week and the Sunset Handicap a week later. "Billy Ball is the best horse I've had since then," he says.

If Billy Ball wins the California Derby, Brinson may well get a chance to see his first Kentucky Derby. Or, as the headline writers might put it: IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME. **END**



Brinson, a chap who has trained horses for 50 years, has never saddled a Derby entry.



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Ciccarone will go to the carpet, which has replaced grass at Homewood, for a win.

A century of excellence

A flock of Chics have Johns Hopkins again near the top in its 100th season



Henry (right) said no to North Carolina so he could be a part of his father's game plan.

by Franz Lidz

Frank Merriwell's great tussle with the Johns Hopkins lacrosse team was recounted in the June 24, 1905 issue of *Tip Top Weekly*. The dastardly Hopkins captain tries to steal Merriwell's girl, get Merriwell drunk and make him smoke. On the field, he smashes a lacrosse stick over the Yalie's head. But right prevails. Merriwell returns to the game, his head swathed in bandages, and, of course, scores the winning goal. "I don't know how you happened to be chosen the captain of the Hopkins team," Merriwell tells his adversary afterward. "You can play lacrosse, but you are a dirty fellow."

Teddy Roosevelt no longer carries a big stick; Eli prowess in lacrosse is as mythical as Frank Merriwell; but Hopkins—which celebrated its lacrosse centennial last Saturday with a 9–6 win over Army to improve its record to 6–1 and is again one of the top contenders for the national title—has a coach who was once a rather untoward captain. Henry (Chic) Ciccarone, 45, is buoyant and beefy, and nearly as boyish as he was as an All-America midfielder for the Blue Jays in the '60s. Beneath his antic, easygoing exterior is an antic, easygoing interior. No drill-sergeant approach to coaching for him. He sees omens in license plates as well as practice rituals. And he believes that games are won at the deli counters of Baltimore's Lexington Market. Who can argue? In his eight full seasons as coach, his Blue Jays have won three national championships and played in an unprecedented six straight NCAA finals.

Winning at lacrosse is not only a tradition at Hopkins, it's also expected. The alumni think anything short of winning the national title is a losing season. The sport is such a big deal on campus that Homecoming is held in the spring. And the game has become so identified with Hopkins that about half the world thinks it was invented there. Saccharin was, and vitamin D was discovered there in 1878, but lacrosse was created by the Huron Indians in the 1600s. "Of course," notes Ken Sokolow, Hopkins '76, who still attends the Blue Jays' home games, "the Hurons didn't win 38 national championships."

About the only tradition as strong as lacrosse at the school is the palate-clearing fruit sherbet the venerable on-campus Hopkins Club serves at every meal. But purists believe lacrosse has been compromised. For one thing, Homewood Field, known as "the Yankee Stadium of lacrosse," has been surfaced with AstroTurf. "Now it looks like a miniature golf course," laments Sokolow.

Ciccarone believes in the old Hopkins traditions, but he's a little iconoclastic

continued


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GM

when it comes to coaching. "He's loose," says star Midfielder Henry Ciccarone, who happens to be the coach's son, "but on the field he's strictly business." *Monkey Business* is more like it.

Ciccarone's pre-practice talks are offbeat inspirational. He gathers his players, then breaks into the pert, twisted, slow smile of Chico Marx as he tells about the little old lady who asks the produce man for half a head of lettuce.

"The produce man steps away and says to the store manager, 'Some jerk wants half a head of lettuce.' Then he turns around and sees the old lady has come up behind him. 'And this nice woman,' he says, 'wants the other half.'

"Later, the manager praises him for his quick thinking. 'I'm going to recommend you for a desk job in our office in Detroit,' he says.

" 'Detroit?' says the produce man. 'All they've got there are hookers and hockey players.'

" 'Hold it,' says the manager. 'My wife comes from Detroit.'

" 'Really?' the produce man says. 'What team is she on?' "

Ciccarone claims this kind of palaver has helped the Jays attain the 101–15 record he has amassed in his nine years.

Born in Annapolis, Md., Ciccarone was in a sense Navy born and bred. His father, an immigrant tailor, made uniforms for officers at the Naval Academy. Young Ciccarone joined the Marines as an enlisted man in 1956 and two years later was accepted at the Academy, a perennial lacrosse power. But he didn't like the "life-style" there. He quit after a semester and transferred to Hopkins. There, he was third-team All-America as a sophomore, second-team as a junior, and first-team as a senior. As a student, he was somewhere outside the Merriwell mold. He spent a fair amount of time winging water-filled balloons with his lacrosse stick at Hopkins deans and the girls from nearby Goucher College.

In the middle of his junior year he took off with his fraternity's grocery money and Sue Gordon, his girl friend from Boston University. They eloped to Las Vegas in her Impala convertible. When the grocery money ran out, they came back. The marriage has lasted 22 years and has produced three lacrosse players (Henry, 21; Brent, 20; and John, 17, still in high school) and one baseball player (Steve, 15). Like their father, all four kids are called Chic. Family reunions are like *Old Macdonald's Farm*: Here a Chic, there a Chic, everywhere a Chic Chic.

Henry, a senior, was a second-team All-America last season, when he led the Jays' midfielders in scoring, and is a probable first-team choice this year. He turned down a scholarship to North Carolina, which has beaten Hopkins in the NCAA finals the last two years, because, he says, he had friends on the Hopkins team. "I think he didn't want to play against his father," says his mother.

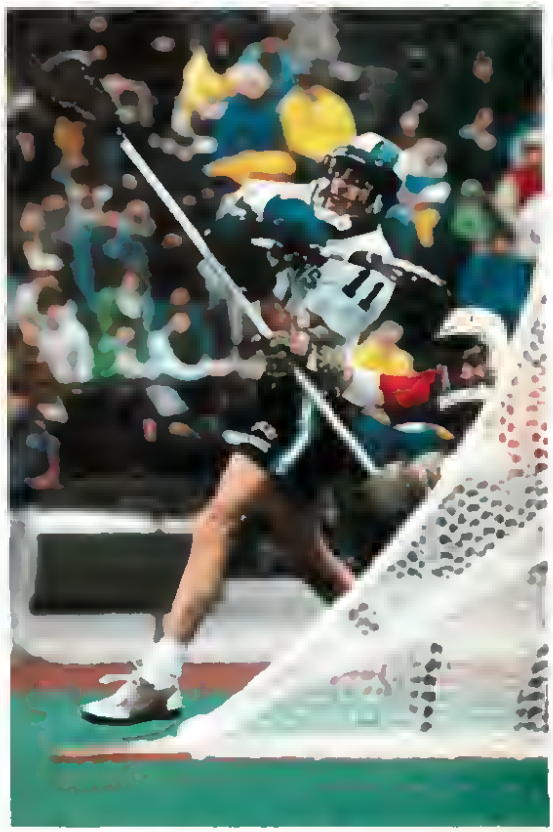
Coaching his offspring—Brent is the Jays' starting crease attackman—hasn't been easy for Ciccarone. "I try to treat my players like sons," he says. Which puts him in the awkward position of having to treat his sons like players. And Henry had to learn to treat his dad like a coach. "This year," he says, "I finally have the guts to say stuff back to him."

Chic the coach has devoted most of his adult life to Hopkins lacrosse. After graduation, he was an assistant to the exalted Bob Scott for eight years. Scott wrote the book on lacrosse. (It's for sale: *Lacrosse: Technique and Tradition*, Johns Hopkins University Press, $7.95.) A former Army Ranger, he was a straight-arrow taskmaster whose teams won seven national titles in 20 campaigns. Ciccarone took over the year after No. 7 and installed a more mobile system that stressed the passing game. "Free-lancing" he called it. When he didn't turn out a championship team in his first three seasons, some alumni were ready for a new tradition—firing the coach.

Chic responded with some patented Ciccarone chicanery. At the annual preseason "smoker" for Hopkins alumni lacrosse men in 1978, he had 10 members of the varsity dress in gangster suits with white carnations in their lapels. He called them Salvatore, Vito, Giuseppe, etc. and told the disgruntled alumni, "This is my hit squad. If you're displeased with our offense, talk to them." His mafia won the title that year, and the next two also.

Then again, he hasn't been wholly responsible for those three titles. Chicken livers were. Ciccarone doesn't take many chances. He has his rituals. He ate chicken livers after every Thursday practice during those championship seasons. When he didn't win a fourth, he stopped. "For five years he wore the same pair of black pants to every game," says his wife. "Washed."

This year his rituals have become even more elaborate. On Tuesday afternoons he drives to downtown Baltimore to the Lexington Market, a food bazaar, and he's not after half a head of lettuce. First, he buys a state lottery ticket, the digits on which correspond, in an obscure way, to the Jays' number of wins for the season. Then he gets soup (navy bean or chicken rice) from the J.N.P. lunch counter, a sandwich (usually raw beef) from Jerns' meats and a soda (Tab) at Polock Johnny's. It seems to work. The Jays have been grinding out wins the way Polock Johnny grinds out Polish sausage. Until two weeks ago, when they lost in double overtime 14–13 to North Carolina in a midseason game. The Tar Heels seem unfazed by Chic's ritual. Maybe their coach, Willie Scroggs, is immune to Ciccarone's spell. Scroggs is a former Hopkins midfielder and assistant.

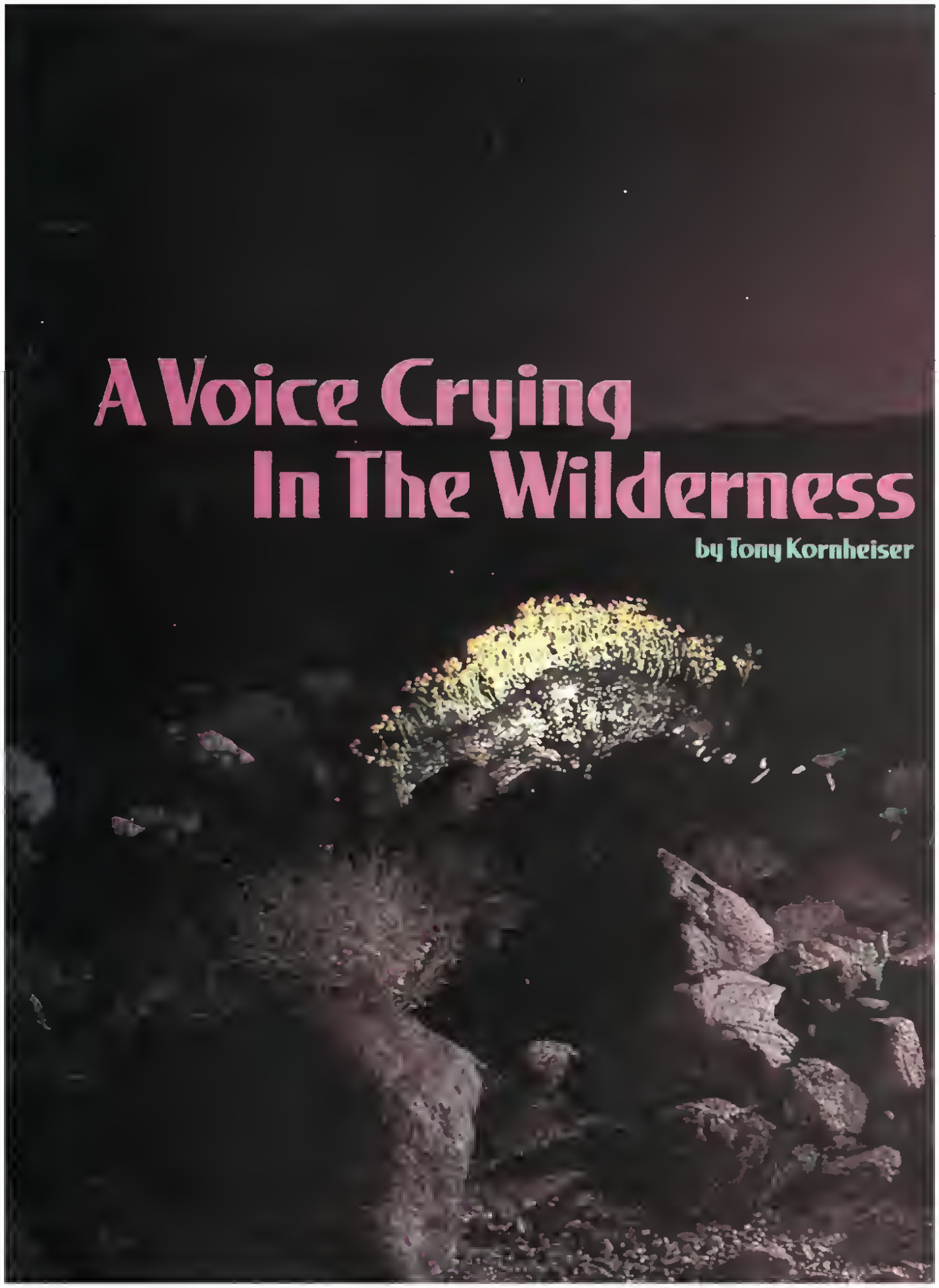


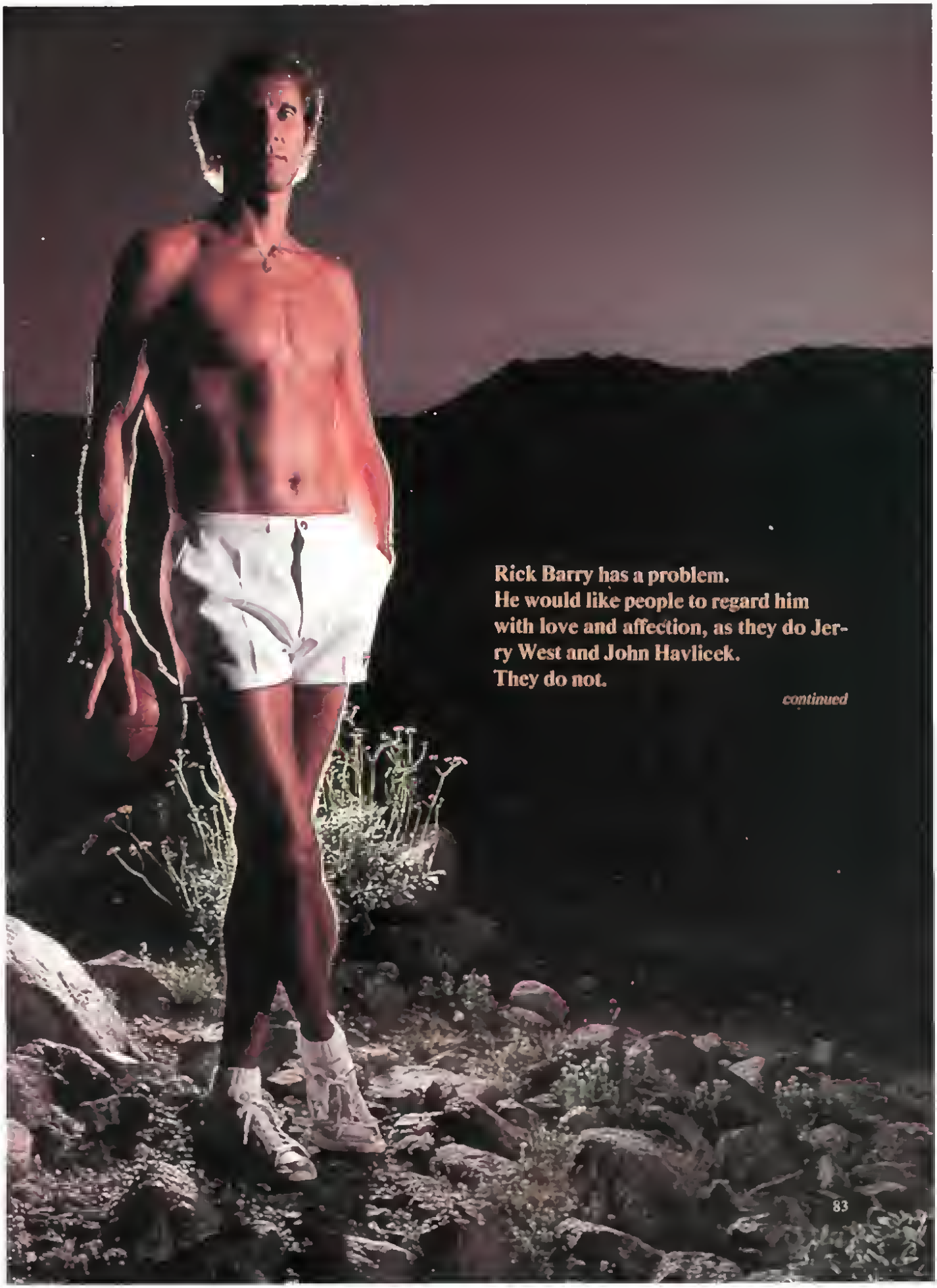
Here a Chic (it's Brent), there a Chic Chic.

The current two-year title void has not gone unnoticed. "All the sherbet in the world couldn't wash away the bitter taste of those two losses," says Sokolow. For Hopkins' hungering alumni only a national championship will do. **END**

A Voice Crying In The Wilderness

by Tony Kornheiser





Rick Barry has a problem.
He would like people to regard him with love and affection, as they do Jerry West and John Havlicek.
They do not.

continued

"The way I looked alienated a lot of people," Barry says. "I've seen films of myself and seen the faces I made. I looked terrible." He closes his eyes to the memory and shakes his head. "I acted like a jerk. Did a lot of stupid things. Opened my big mouth and said a lot of things that upset and hurt people. I was an easy person to hate. And I can understand that. I tell kids, 'There's nothing wrong with playing the way Rick Barry played, but don't act the way Rick Barry acted.' I tell my own kids, 'Do as I say, not as I did.' "

What bothers him isn't that he's not beloved.

"It bothers me," Barry says, "that I'm not even *liked*."

Supposedly, the higher you climb, the harder it gets. Not so for Barry. At every rung things got easier for him. College basketball was easier than high school. Pro basketball was so much easier than college that it shocked him. In 1966-67, his second pro season, he led the NBA in scoring with a 35.6-points-per-game average—only Wilt Chamberlain and Elgin Baylor have ever done better.

Barry's game was founded on quickness. "He ran as fast in the mind as he did in the feet," says Phil Jackson, who, as a member of the New York Knicks, played against Barry. He darted around the court like a hummingbird and with the single-mindedness of a missile. "And that was before he developed his jump shot," says Tom Meschery, who played with Barry on the San Francisco Warriors from 1965 to 1967. "I can't imagine what he'd have been like if he could shoot."

Barry averaged 30 or more points a game in four different seasons; only Chamberlain, Jerry West, Oscar Robertson and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar attained that plateau. He was the best foul shooter in the history of the NBA, with a lifetime percentage of .900. No true forward ever had more assists. "He was Larry Bird before there was a Larry Bird," says Al Menendez, director of player personnel for the New Jersey Nets. "He was a great artist. A Mozart. A Picasso. A Caruso," says Lou Carnesecca, who coached Barry for two seasons on the Nets. "I'd diagram a play, and Rick would instinctively see four or five options that I'd never even imagined. In 35 years of coaching I've never had another guy like that."

In sum, Barry was so good that he awed people. But he was so uncompromising that he antagonized them, too. He couldn't understand why the game didn't come as easily to others as it did to him. And for 15 years, in the NBA, the ABA, and on CBS he told them so—in private, in public and in no uncertain terms. He had no patience for mistakes, no tolerance for mediocrity. "He was such a perfectionist," says Butch Beard, who played with and against Barry. "He wanted the game to be perfect. And when it wasn't, he would jump all over you. He didn't mean it maliciously, but it could be very intimidating." Barry excused his behavior by telling teammates that as hard as he was on them, he was harder still on himself, but some didn't buy it. "He had a bad attitude. He was always looking down at you," says the Celtics' Robert Parish, an erstwhile Warrior teammate of Barry's. "He was the same on TV," says the Sonics' Phil Smith, another former Warrior. "He was so critical of everyone. Like he was Mr. Perfect."

Instead of being cheered by his peers as the pioneer whose jump from the NBA to the ABA in 1967 precipitated the salary explosion, Barry has been roundly decried for being self-absorbed and petulant. Yet no one who followed his lead—most notably the sainted Julius Erving, who attempted to jump to the NBA Atlanta Hawks in 1972 while still under contract to the ABA Virginia Squires—received anything but the mildest public reproach. And Barry, who many experts think is one of the two best forwards in NBA history—the other being Baylor—hasn't gotten full credit because of his abrasive behavior.

In the 1974-75 season, when he led the Golden State Warriors to the NBA



championship. Barry averaged 30.6 points per game, led the league in free-throw percentage and steals and was sixth in assists, the only forward in the Top 10. Yet in the voting for MVP—a *vote by players*—Barry finished fourth. "A joke," says Clifford Ray, Barry's best friend on that team. "The man had the greatest season I'd ever seen. That vote was just a joke." There were whispers that Barry was a victim of race discrimination. Ray, a black man, demurs. "You won't get no black guys to say Rick wasn't *bad*. When it came to the hoop he was serious. The brothers might not have liked his style, but they knew the white boy could play some basketball."

Fact is, Barry was a victim of *face* discrimination. There was something about him that was hard to like, something that manifested itself on his face in the form of a sneer. Its origins may have stemmed from his adolescence, when Barry's permanent teeth came in so crookedly that he was ashamed to smile. The teeth have long since been fixed, but the self-consciousness has lingered. "He still doesn't smile much," says Bill King, the Warriors' broadcaster and a friend of Barry's. "It gives people the impression he's closing them off and sets up an immediate barrier that is very hard to break down."

Rick Barry is a lot like Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*.

Hoffman: What are you saying? That no one in New York will work with me?

Sydney Pollack: No, that's too limiting. No one in Hollywood will work with you either. I can't even send you up for a commercial. You played a tomato for 30 seconds, and they went a half day over schedule because you wouldn't sit down.

Hoffman: That's right. It wasn't logical.

Pollack: You were a tomato. A tomato doesn't have logic. A tomato can't move.

Hoffman: That's what I said. So how am I supposed to sit down?

It's as if all these years they—the owners, the players, the fans, the media—have been waiting for this moment to arrive, when they would pay Barry back for the way he carried himself. It has been three years since the end of his playing career and two years since CBS let his contract lapse; and Barry has no one to turn to. Have pity on the man who plans the Rick Barry testimonial dinner, because it's not likely he'll find a room small enough to accommodate the well-wishers.

"You'll never find a bunch of players sitting around talking about the good old days with Rick," says Ken Macker, the Warriors' executive vice-president. "His teammates and his opponents generally and thoroughly detested him." And while that seems an extreme judgment, influenced by Macker's loyalty to his boss, Franklin Mieuli, even Barry's defenders concede its essential truth. John Roche, a friend and teammate of Barry's on the Nets, says, "Many players resented Rick. The way Rick conducted himself could be construed as implying superiority. But I always felt it was unintentional. People misread Rick. Most people admire competitiveness. But apparently Rick's took forms that angered people." Another friend, the Spurs' Billy Paultz, who played with Barry on the Nets and the Rockets, says, "If you got to know Rick you'd have realized what a good guy he was. But around the league they thought of him as the most arrogant guy ever. I couldn't believe it. Half the players disliked Rick. The other half hated him." And there's this from Beard: "He'll never get the acclaim due him. It has nothing to do with his play. It was his manner, his honesty. He had everything going for him. He was white; he was well-spoken; he looked good on television. But he never learned to come across softly, and he ticked off a lot of people."

Barry doesn't bridle at the assessment. He doesn't, as he did regularly when he was whistled for a foul, stand with his hands on his hips, contemptuous of the call, snarling. His rehabilitation has be-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER

Where once Rick basked in the limelight, he and Pam now make do with the sun in Palm Springs.





Whether sunning, stretching or posing amid the flora in Palm Springs, or catching up on the soaps or having breakfast on Mercer Island, the Barrys have perfected the art of doing next to nothing

gun. He seeks forgiveness, not exoneration. Yes, he feels rejected and hurt. Yes, he feels sorry.

"If you want to know the truth," Rick Barry says, "inside I'm dying."

On a typical day Rick and Pam Barry get up between 10 and noon in their house on Mercer Island outside of Seattle and begin their exercise routine: First, there's 15 minutes designed to develop the arms and upper body and then, to improve their flexibility, the hour-long Jane Fonda Advanced Workout.

After the workout Barry cooks up a pot of natural grain cereal, and they eat one of their two daily meals. Their diet permits virtually no salt, no sugar, no fat, no oil. They are committed to the pursuit of physical perfection, even at the cost of social isolation.

Barry adds bran, raisins and bananas to his cereal, flavors his one piece of Pritikin toast with a smidgen of butter and finishes his meal with fresh papaya and freshly squeezed orange juice, nonfat raw milk and so many vitamin tablets that if you turned him upside down and shook him he would rattle like a pinball machine. As a result of the exercises and the diet, Barry, who is 6' 7", now weighs 202 pounds, 20 less than he did at the end of his playing



career, and though he looks gaunt, with so many sharp edges that he appears to have been put together from an Erector Set, he's convinced he's in the best shape of his life.

After their meal the Barrys set aside a few hours for "business." Barry answers letters and phone calls, talks to his business manager, Harry Stern, about things like sportscasting possibilities, and checks on the progress of his television "projects," which are in the developmental stage and include a golf show for American distribution and a golf and baseball show for Japan. Along with the sports projects, Barry is also interested in hosting a game show. "I love game shows," he says. Although he hasn't worked in more than a year, he says he's financially secure. Still, it galls him that neither basketball nor broadcasting, the passions of his life, has found room for him. He has told Pam, "I think it's not because of my ability. It's because they don't like me."

After business the Barrys play tennis. And then there is dinner with Jon, 13, Barry's second-oldest child and one of five he had with his first wife, also named Pam. They divorced in 1981 and Jon was sent by the court to live with his father. The three eat soup and salad and fish and talk of the things they did that day. Then Jon goes to bed, and Rick and Pam go to their bedroom to watch the soap operas they have taped during the afternoon, such as *The Young and the Restless* and *All My Children*. They frequently watch until two in the morning, commenting on the behavior of the characters. Then they go to sleep. The next day they do it all over again.

Rick Barry is in exile, the Napoleon of Mercer Island.

Rarely in sports is so extraordinary an athlete singled out for such public woodshedding. Most often a hero is, was and always will be a hero. If he wants to stay in sports he becomes a coach, an executive or a broadcaster. If he doesn't, he finds his way into a corporation, a restaurant deal or, at the very least, the lobby of a casino. Somewhere, someone is happy to tell him, "You've earned it, pal. Thanks for the memories." Nobody says that to Barry.

continued

Once Erving and Barry were the yardsticks by which all forwards were measured. Barry's situation discomfits Erving, a friend and an admirer. "I look at Bruce Jenner and see the different types of things he has gotten into, capitalizing on his Olympics success, and Rick was every bit the all-American guy that Jenner was," says Erving. "You could easily picture Rick making the same kind of transition." He shakes his head softly and something like wonder appears in his eyes. "It's heavy. Rick Barry could have had—should have had—a better time than he's having. You ask me if I see any parallels between Rick and other athletes. Let's put it this way. There aren't a whole lot of *white* guys I can find parallels with. I mean, it's really heavy to comprehend."



It was unsavory behavior of this sort that prevented Barry from becoming a hero

When Barry was a sophomore at Roselle Park High School in New Jersey, his goal was to be a professional baseball player, just like his idol, Willie Mays, whom Barry honored by wearing the number 24 most of his career. Barry pitched for the junior varsity, and he wanted to play the outfield when he wasn't pitching, but his coach wouldn't let him. Barry went to the coach and said, 'How come you won't play me when I'm not pitching? I'm batting .500, and you're playing guys who are batting .167." The next game, Barry pitched and went 1 for 2. The game after that, it wasn't Barry's turn to pitch and the coach kept him on the pine. "It was stupid to waste my time sitting on the bench," Barry says. That afternoon he quit the team.

"He always wanted to be Number One in whatever he did," says Wayne Beckner, who roomed with Barry at the University of Miami and captained the basketball team in their senior year. "There were four of us living together. The phone would ring, *he'd* have to answer it. We'd go out for a milk shake, *he'd* have to ride shotgun. If you beat him to the front seat, he'd pout. Anything we did, he had to be first. We had a three-man drill where each threesome had to make 10 lay-ups in a row before it could quit. The two guys teamed with Rick sometimes would get to nine and deliberately miss so they'd have to do it over. It would blow Rick's mind because he then couldn't be first into the shower."

The desert sky is polished turquoise, the desert sun bone white. Rick Barry has come for a month to Palm Springs, his favorite vacation spot, to improve his tennis and his tan. The desert is barren and forbidding, but if you dig deep enough you will find the water you need to make it bloom. All it takes is a lot of work.

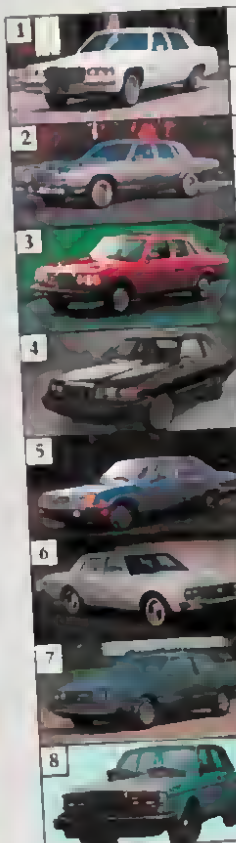
The same might be said of Barry. There are former teammates, like Roche, Paultz, Beard, Ray and Nate Thurmond, who feel that Barry is misunderstood, that down deep the water is there. They tell stories of Barry's generosity, of his splitting his $2,000 NBA All-Star Game MVP award in 1967 equally among his Warrior teammates, of his giving his NBA and ABA All-Star Game watches to trainers, of his handing over various "star of the game" awards—coupons for food and gas and jewelry—to rookies who were paid the minimum. They tell stories of Barry's planning Jeff Mullins' retirement ceremony, of his giving Christmas gifts to all his teammates and coaches. These stories all carry the same message: Get beyond the image. Know the man.

"Too many people judged me by how I looked on the court. It wasn't fair. I was a different person off the court," Barry says. He is lying in a lounge chair, wearing the skimpiest of bathing suits, challenging the sun on its home court. "I think I'm a good person. I'm a lot more sensitive than people understand—even if I was an ass on the court." He giggles nervously from the impact of his admission. Small puddles of sweat bubble up on his chest. The hotter it gets, the more he likes it. "I respond instantaneously. Some people can count to 10 before they react. I can't even count to one. It's one of my shortcomings. It's the perfectionist in me. I wish I could correct it. Believe me, I've tried. But there was no ill will, no hard feelings. Anyone who really knew me knew what I was doing. I say something on the court, it's gone, it's over. I always assumed that guys I played with understood that. Maybe not everybody understood. The thing is, nobody ever came to me and said, 'This is the way the guys feel, and this is why they feel that way.' "

Barry is many things, but subtle isn't one. If the warning signs weren't written on a billboard, he wouldn't have seen them.

continued

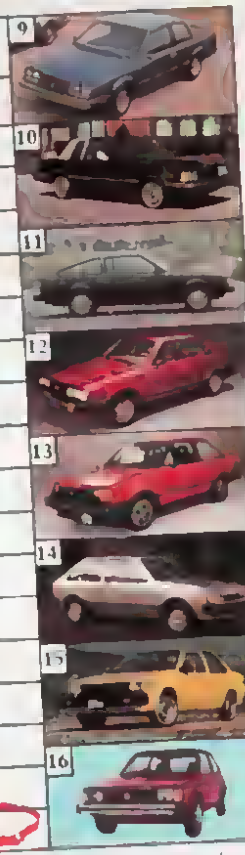
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The true cost of owning a car each year

Average annual cost for 20,000 miles

	variable costs	fixed costs	total
1. Cadillac DeVille	$1,980	$4,598	$6,578
2. Buick Electra	2,010	3,892	5,902
3. Mercedes 240D	1,310	4,238	5,548
4. Ford T-bird	1,790	3,383	5,173
5. Ford LTD	1,660	3,279	4,939
6. Chevrolet Impala	1,830	3,100	4,930
7. Chevrolet Celebrity	1,590	3,046	4,636
8. Volvo DL	1,510	3,111	4,621
9. Chevrolet Celebrity D	1,280	3,297	4,577
10. Dodge Aires	1,450	2,805	4,255
11. Toyota Corolla	1,320	2,733	4,053
12. Subaru GL	1,320	2,726	4,046
13. Ford Escort	1,350	2,643	3,993
14. Mazda GLC	1,200	2,612	3,812
15. Datsun Sentra	1,190	2,534	3,724
16. VW Rabbit D	1,040	2,586	3,626



Note: Except for the Sentra, Rabbit and Mazda, all cars are similarly equipped including air conditioning, power steering and brakes, tinted glass, AM radio and other common options. Costs include variable expenses (gas at $1.55 per gallon, diesel at $1.45, oil, maintenance and tires); fixed expenses (insurance, depreciation, financing, taxes and license) and are based on a three-year, 60,000 mile retention cycle. Hefty repair bills could, of course, change any of these numbers. Expensive foreign cars can be especially costly to repair.

Last is first.

There is a lot more to paying for a car than just buying one from your favorite dealer.

Take this survey published by one of the most respected business magazines.

They found that while the Rabbit Diesel wasn't the cheapest car to buy, it was the cheapest car to own of those surveyed.

What's the difference?

Well, they took the cost of a new car, and then added fuel costs, and maintenance costs, and insurance costs, and depreciation costs, and discovered the Rabbit cost less.

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They already know the thrill of finishing last.

Seatbelts save lives

Nothing else is a Volkswagen



Scoring 30.6 a game, Barry led the Warriors to the 1975 title.

"I figured they knew me, and they understood. Maybe you can never forget. But hopefully you can learn to forgive someone for his shortcomings. You should look at someone and ask, 'What has he done since that time?' And if he's changed for the better, why can't you change your opinion of him?" Having done some hard time, at age 39 he's seeking parole.

But . . . "He's an extraordinary guy. There's nothing he wouldn't do for you," says Mike Dunleavy, who, along with Paultz, was Barry's best friend on the Rockets, with whom Rick ended his career. "But he lacks diplomacy. If they sent him to the U.N. he'd end up starting World War III."

Bill Russell worked with Barry on CBS's pro basketball telecasts in 1980-81. During the fifth game of the NBA championship series between Boston and Houston a picture of Russell from the 1956 Olympics was shown on the air, and Barry joked about Russell's "watermelon smile." Barry insists that he had no idea that the comment had racial overtones. As soon as he learned it did, he called Russell to apologize. Neither Russell nor anyone else interviewed for this story thinks Barry intended any slur. But, beyond that, Russell won't talk about Barry. When asked about him, Russell's immediate reaction was his trademark, a rich, high-pitched cackle. For half a minute.

Al Attles coached Barry for six years at Golden State and was his teammate for two years before that. Attles built the Warriors around Barry, who spent more time playing with and for Attles than with anyone else in Barry's career. But Barry says he left Golden State for Houston in 1978 because he realized that "Attles didn't want me around anymore." And Attles won't talk about Barry. When asked why, he says cryptically, "Rick knows why."

Franklin Mieuli owns the Warriors. When Barry jumped to the ABA, Mieuli publicly pined for the star he said was "like a son" to him. Such was his passion to get Barry back that he turned down a million-dollar offer from the Nets to retain the NBA rights to Barry. During the five years he waited for his prodigal son to come home, Mieuli kept Barry's uniform hanging in his office. Barry returned and played six seasons with the Warriors. They made the playoffs four times and won one NBA championship. But when Barry became a free agent and left for Houston, Mieuli erased him from his life. Mieuli won't talk about Barry except to say, "I've got one line for you: Rick Barry was a great basketball player." When asked how he could leave it at that, Mieuli said, "What was it your mother always told you about family? 'When you've got nothing nice to say, you don't say anything at all.' "

Barry wanted fame and all that went with it. He wore his talent like a crown and his attitude like a target. In the world according to Barry, winning was everything. And the way to win was to put the ball in his hands. If a great pass was needed, he would make it. If a last-second shot was needed, he would take it. His team would win, and he would be the hero. Everyone would know that they couldn't have done it without him.

How could you begrudge him glory when he delivered? What more could you want? But it seems the only season in which he failed to provoke resentment was 1965-66, when he was a rookie, under Coach Alex Hannum in San Francisco. He scored 25.7 points per game, and Hannum called him "a delight." His teammates called him Sunshine because he was always smiling. "He went out of his way to be liked," Meschery says. "He'd follow us around all night long if we let him. But we had to duck him. We were bar guys, and the kid only drank milk."

The next season Barry lit up the league. He averaged 35.6 points and scored 38 in the All-Star Game. "His intensity was unbelievable," says Mullins, a guard on that team. "Night after night he was brilliant. No one could stop him. He was a threat to get 50 every time he stepped onto the court." The Warriors took a Philadelphia 76ers team that has been voted the best in NBA history to six games in the playoff finals before losing, and Barry's 40.8-point average is still the highest in a championship series. He was the toast of the league.

But even as his personal cable car climbed halfway to the stars, Barry was not happy. Hannum was gone—he'd been fired after the '65-66 season—and Barry thought his new coach, Bill Shar-

man, was too autocratic. "The game just wasn't fun for me that year," Barry says. "Bill made it a job." Sharman had instituted the shoot-around, a light, morning practice on a game day. Barry preferred to sleep late and rest the thin body that took such a pounding during games. Their simmering conflict boiled over in the playoffs, when Sharman insisted that Barry, whose right ankle was so sore that he was taking painkilling injections before each game, also practice, and with as much diligence as he showed against the 76ers. "I was already getting shot up to play," Barry says. "Now I had to get shot up to *practice*. It was insane." Barry never played for Sharman again. Instead, he signed a contract with the Oakland Oaks of the ABA—three years, plus an option year—bestowing instant credibility on the infant league.

They said he did it for money. But Mieuli matched the Oakland offer of a $75,000 yearly base pay. They said he did it for fame, because Pat Boone, one of the owners of the Oaks, had promised to make him a movie star. In fact, he did it for love. "The motivation was Bruce Hale," Barry says. Hale, who died in 1981, was then Barry's father-in-law; Hale had coached him at Miami, and Hale now had signed to coach the Oaks. Barry wanted to play for him again. He thought it would be perfection. The Warriors sued, claiming that Barry owed them an option year, and the California Superior Court enjoined Barry from playing for any pro team other than the Warriors for one year. Hale coached the Oaks in 1967–68 without Barry, won only 22 games and resigned to take a job in the front office. When Barry at last made it into the ABA in 1968, he wound up playing for the pro coach he respected most, Alex Hannum.

Barry led the league in scoring that year, averaging 34.0 points per game, although he played only 35 games because of a knee injury. He thus became the only player to lead the NCAA (in 1965, with a 37.4 average), the NBA and the ABA in scoring. The Oaks won the ABA title, even though Barry missed the second half of the season and all the playoffs. Before the start of 1969-70, the franchise was sold to Earl Foreman, and its assets—mainly a thin, blond forward with an improving jump shot—were moved to Washington, D.C. and rechristened the Caps. Hannum refused to go and was replaced by Al Bianchi. Barry insisted that he had a verbal agreement excusing him from all obligations to the Oaks franchise if it was moved. He wanted to stay in the Bay Area and attempted to jump back to the NBA, signing a contract with the Warriors for $1 million over five years. Barry then sought his release from the ABA, but a federal judge ruled against him. And so he packed his sorrows into his Ferrari 365GT and drove cross-country, reaching speeds between 140 and 160 miles per hour in Nevada.

After one season the Caps moved and became the Virginia Squires. But Barry wanted no part of that zip code. Trying to force a trade, he deliberately made scathing references about Virginia to a writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and the resulting cover story, entitled "The Reluctant Virginian," made Barry persona non grata in the Old Dominion. Barry never played a game there. Foreman dealt him to the New York Nets. Barry renegotiated the remaining two years of his ABA contract upward to $130,000 per year and in addition signed a second deal with the Nets, worth $540,000 over three more years. The second contract was to become operative only if Barry could extricate himself from the contract with the Warriors, *which hadn't even taken effect yet*. Once again, Barry went to court, and once again he lost. The court ruled for the Warriors. In the fall of 1972, after averaging 29.4 and 31.5 points per game in two seasons with the Nets, Barry headed back west, back to the NBA.

Five years. Five teams. Three contracts.

Rick Barry the pioneer had become Rick Barry the carnival act.

"If I had to do it all over again," Barry says, first with a grin and then a grimace, "I'd wait for some other fool to do it. It did me more harm than good. It was bad enough that people didn't like the way I looked on the court, but when I went to the ABA I was cast as a money-hungry backstabber. So people who already didn't like me could really tee off on me; I was fair game. Had I stayed in the NBA, I'd have overcome most of it. Eventually they'd have talked more about my playing than my histrionics. But when I left, boy, I was a marked man."

During Barry's second sojourn with the Warriors he enjoyed the greatest stability he had as a pro. And the Warriors enjoyed their greatest success since moving from Philadelphia in 1962, winning their only championship when they swept the Bullets in 1975. Barry scored 118 points, still the record for a four-game championship series, and was named playoff MVP. "To this day I can't find adequate words to describe the feeling I was overcome with when we won," Barry says. "I went into the locker room and cried. I cried and cried. It was terrific. It was absolutely terrific."



CBS gave Barry, here with Russell, the air.

But the Golden State years weren't without their controversies. In Barry's first two seasons back the Warriors were split over the issue of whom the team belonged to, Barry or high-scoring Forward Cazzie Russell. When Russell became a free agent and departed for L.A. for the 1974-75 season, the Warriors made Barry

continued

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captain, and he responded with a stunning season. But it's unlikely that the Warriors would have won the championship had Clifford Ray, then new to the team, not rallied the players around Barry. "When I first got there, most of the guys didn't even talk to Rick," Ray says. "They got on me for being his friend. I called them in and told them, 'Rick *is* this team. He's a superstar. Now Rick may not be the kind of guy to say please, but he's in it to win. Maybe he does some things that bother you, but maybe you don't understand him, either. I'm telling you, we got to blend in with him. This man is our ticket.' "

The next season the Warriors won 59 games, tops in the league, but lost 94–86 to Phoenix in the seventh game of the Western Conference playoff final at home. Barry's performance in that game was uncharacteristic of so great a clutch performer. Barry had 14 points in the first half, but only six after that, taking only six shots in the second half.

It was suggested that Barry was so disgusted by his teammates' play that he deliberately removed himself from the offense, as if to say, "Go ahead, win it without me." Barry now says, "Anybody who knows me knows that there's no way in the world I'd intentionally do something that would jeopardize an opportunity to win a ball game, especially when we had a chance to win a championship. There's no way in the world I'd do that." He's angry now, banging his fist on the table. "I didn't pout. I didn't try to prove a point. *It means too much to me to win.*"

Barry played three more years at Golden State. He wanted to finish his career there. In fact, he thought he and Mieuli had agreed in December of 1977 to a two-year extension of his Warriors contract. The extension gave Barry an option to buy 5% of the franchise when he retired, the same deal Attles has. But Barry forwent that and settled for a pay raise. At the time Barry was making $325,000 a year. The extension would have raised his salary to $445,000. But before Barry signed the contract Mieuli went away on a long cruise. By the time he got back in February, and he and Barry and Scotty Stirling, then Golden State's general manager, got together, the deal being offered was not the one Barry had assented to. When an agreement couldn't be reached Barry shopped himself on the open market. "It became obvious to me I wasn't wanted anymore," Barry says. "It wasn't Franklin Mieuli. Al didn't want me there."

Of all the teams Barry talked to, Houston showed the most interest in him. The Rockets had Moses Malone, Rudy Tomjanovich, Robert Reid, Calvin Murphy and John Lucas. With Barry they could think championship. Ray Patterson, the general manager, and Tom Nissalke, then the coach, thought it unlikely that the compensation that would be awarded the Warriors for Houston's signing of Barry would be either Malone or Tomjanovich, and they concurred that anyone else would be worth the move. They offered Barry $1 million for two seasons. Barry thought it would be perfection.

"It was the worst move I ever made," he says now. "What a zoo."

The Houston media put Barry on the hot seat before he ever put on the uniform, because the compensation turned out to be $100,000 and Lucas, the second-best assist man in the league. To justify signing Barry, the media argued, the Rockets had to win the championship. Nissalke responded by relegating Barry to passing forward, and he responded with 502 assists, the most ever for a true forward. But Nissalke's offense cost Barry eight shots a game, and his scoring average fell from 23.1 to 13.5. When the Rockets were swept by Atlanta in the first round of the playoffs, Nissalke was gone. Barry was pleased that his replacement was Assistant Coach Del Harris, who Barry thought would restore his role to its former eminence. But under Harris, Barry averaged only 25 minutes and 12 points a game. Barry thought Harris had betrayed him. By the time the Rockets were swept by Boston in the second round of the 1980 playoffs, Barry's NBA stock had dropped through the floor. He asked Patterson what kind of money the Rockets would offer him to come back. Patterson said $150,000. Barry didn't know whether to spit or go bowling.

Barry thought he could still play, but no one else did. He got in touch with the Lakers, the Sonics and the Knicks, but when they all passed, he retired. It bothers Barry that his career ended on a sour note. He never got a farewell tour, as Havlicek and West did. He never even got his jersey retired.

"I didn't expect anything," Barry says. "Seriously, if I'd had a grand tour, how would they have promoted it? Your last chance to boo Rick Barry?"

Would he have liked a ceremony?



At Miami in 1964-65, Barry led the nation in scoring (37.4)

His voice is an orphan at Christmas. "Yes. Down deep I would have. I really would have liked it."

It wasn't as though Barry had no means of support. He went straight from the NBA to CBS, where he'd been under contract as a broadcaster for seven years during his playing days. He'd done analysis on the NBA playoffs and the Pan Am Games, and location work on golf and other sports. CBS was quite pleased with his work, especially on basketball. "Everyone here thought he had a real shot to

continued



During his 1967-68 hiatus, Barry was the tallest KYA Radio All-Star

be the best ever," says a CBS executive.

Which is just what Barry wanted. Ever since his days at Miami, where he'd taken radio and TV electives, he'd wanted a career in sportscasting. He was always a man with a plan. And the plan was to be in the tower on the 18th fairway at Augusta National, or above Centre Court at Wimbledon, or in Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis 500.

CBS had dropped its NBA regional format for the 1980-81 season and planned to use a single game of the week and a three-man announcing team: Gary Bender, Russell and Barry. The Russell-Barry pairing didn't work from Day 1. They were both strong men with monumental egos, and they didn't much like each other. Midway through the season the decision was made to return to a two-man team for the next season.

"I came out of the locker room after the last game of the Houston-Boston championship series, and the guys in the truck came running out to tell me what a great job I'd done with the postgame interviews," Barry says. "Next thing I knew, my contract wasn't being renewed. I have no idea why they dropped me."

Barry wasn't the first outspoken athlete behind a microphone; but unlike Barry, Jim Palmer and Reggie Jackson managed to be ingenuous on television. Barry praises and pans in the same critical tone of voice. The perfectionism that made him a terrific player and the incisive candor that made him an exceptional announcer left him vulnerable to the vicissitudes of network TV.

"Rick's negativity came across to the viewers," says Jim Harrington, then the executive producer of CBS's pro basketball telecasts. "His comments always centered on referees making bad calls, players making bad plays. I sometimes got the impression that Rick took so much care to criticize star players to validate his own career by comparison. Time and time again his whole approach to the game—and to life—was negative. He was an extremely disliked individual. We'd be in a limousine together and people would pound on the windows trying to punch him in the face."

Harrington says that neither the "watermelon" comment nor an earlier Barry gaffe—he thought the green ribbons being worn in sympathy for murdered black children in Atlanta were in honor of St. Patrick's Day—was responsible for his contract not being renewed in the summer of 1981. "The decision was already made," says Harrington. "But both incidents reveal something about the individual. They are evidence that Rick lived in a narrow sphere of influence."

As Harrington's quotes are read to him, Barry's facial muscles tighten, but he forces himself to remain calm. Finally the pressure cannot be contained, but when he speaks, it's not so much in anger as in pain. "That was a job I'd wanted all my life. I loved it. I still want to do it." He holds his hands out, palms up, in a gesture of innocence. "None of these guys ever came to me and said I was being negative. God knows I'd have bent over backward to be more positive if they had, because I never dreamed I was being negative. I thought I was being informative and explaining what happened. I never, never, ever looked to criticize someone to put him down. I was hearing nothing but good things. The press was good. The refs used to come to me and tell me I was doing a good job. Even the players said good things. And Harrington said good things. Harrington was one of the guys who came out of the truck and told me what a great job I'd done after the final game." His voice sounds like a tire deflating as he says, "All they had to do was tell me. They never did."

Bob Stenner, who produced many of the NBA games that season, says he had conversations with Barry to the effect that Barry might be coming across too negatively. Perhaps the talks were not direct enough. But Stenner adds that even if Barry was overly critical, he was a superb analyst. "He's as good a color man as there ever has been," Stenner says.

Barry's last broadcasting work was during the 1981-82 season, when he did color on 17 SuperSonics games on KIRO-TV in Seattle. That season the Sonics also were to start their own cable channel, and Zollie Volchok, the GM, asked Barry to be the team's broadcaster and do all their games. "I thought I had a deal," Barry says.

According to Barry, the deal he made with Volchok included a provision that Pam, his new wife, who is two years younger than Rick, would accompany him on the road and keep stats for him as she'd done the season before. But in September, while Rick and Pam were in Lake Tahoe honeymooning, Barry learned that Pam was no longer part of the deal. The Sonics have a policy, instituted by their coach, Lenny Wilkens, barring wives and girl friends from traveling with the team.

Barry had just gone through an acrimonious divorce, leaving his wife after a long, stormy marriage. Having seen that marriage fail at least partially because he was on the road so much, he didn't want to risk it happening again. Barry wanted Pam with him at all costs. He offered to fly with the team and send Pam on sepa-

continued

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rate flights so they could be together on the road. The Sonics declined. No wives. No girl friends. It was policy.

He has not worked since.

The last five years have been brutal: the falling-out with Mieuli and Attles; the fiasco at Houston, the divorce, which isolated Barry from many of his friends; the release from CBS; the disappointment in Seattle.

"The fact that I didn't turn to alcohol or drugs ought to prove I never will," Barry says. "Just about the only good thing that happened to me was Pam." He looks at her and smiles. "I'm very happy now, with her. Very happy."

What is most striking about Barry is that he actually doesn't seem bitter about the events of the last few years. Surely some of that equanimity is the product of sound investments. He's financially secure enough that he doesn't have to work to pay next month's rent; for the time being, at least, he can wait until he finds something that he likes. He's disappointed, but not discouraged. Hurt, but not sad. He remains, incredibly, an optimist.

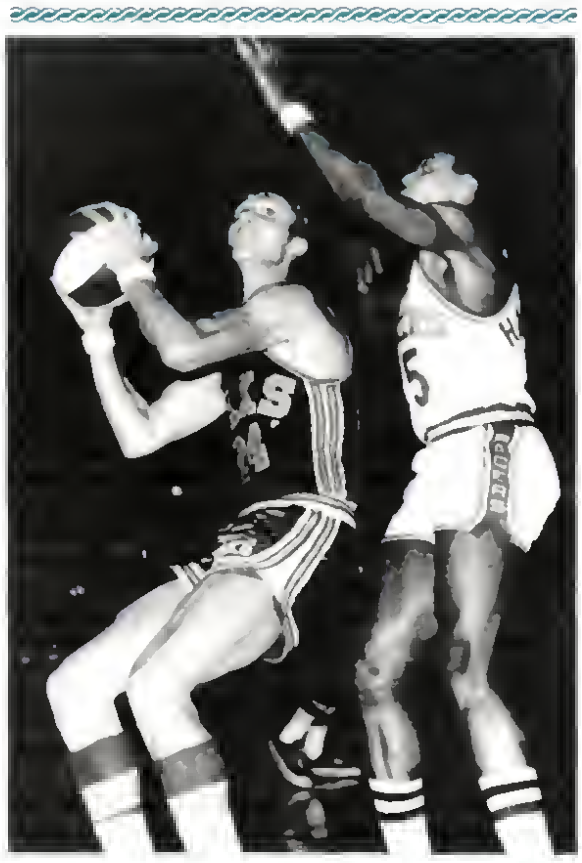
"I've been scraping bottom," he says. "I'm certainly due for a rise. I'd like to get back into broadcasting. I might even like to coach in the NBA if the right situation came along. I think I'd be good at it. I'd try and make it fun for the players, the way I always wanted it to be."

And if he had a player like Rick Barry? Great talent. Pain in the butt.

He laughs and says, "I think I'd know how to handle him. I've been there."

The rehabilitation continues. "In most people's minds Rick Barry doesn't have any feelings," he says. "He's a jerk who cares only about himself. *That* Rick Barry would be very bitter because he thought he was so wonderful that he'd feel it was their loss, not his. But the real Rick Barry is a lot deeper than that."

"All former professional athletes, not just Barry, are victims," Meschery says. "But Rick may be more victimized than the rest of us who weren't quite so good. It's a terribly difficult transition from that world to this. Not so much in giving up the sport as in giving up the idea of oneself. You had come to see yourself as larger than life. Rick was so hungry for fame that when he got it, it was easy for him to get lost in it. He was so caught up in image that he probably lost sight of himself. People were eager to make allowances for everything he did, and so there was never any reason for him to stop doing them. He was constantly told—so naturally he came to believe—that life on a pedestal was reality. In fact, it wasn't. He went through a terrible divorce. He lost a job. I think maybe for the first time in his life he has to deal with what the real world is all about. He has to get work. It's not a question of whether or not he needs the money. He has to work because he's a purposeful, single-minded man who needs to see himself as something. He's a great producer. But to produce, he has to first be asked. And now, who's going to ask him?"



Barry was a mighty Oaks tree, with his ABA-leading 34.0 average.

In the dream there are only five seconds left in the game, and Barry's team is down by one point. It has been down by 12 or 14, but he has single-handedly brought it back with a dazzling display of shooting and passing.

He has the ball on the right side, foul line extended, and he can hear the crowd urging him on. "They're going crazy," he says. "I've been playing out of my mind the last few minutes, doing it all in front of the home folks, and they love it. I fake my man left, and get past him and head for the hoop. Now here's the interesting thing. All of a sudden I'm going up and I've got more spring and bigger hands than I've ever had before. And that's all I ever needed, because I could always figure a way to get around the guy who was guarding me, but then I had to worry about the guy who picked me up, because I was never afforded the luxury of being able to jump over people and dunk. But in the dream I've got Julius' hands and jumping ability, and I can do some of the things that Julius can do. So I've gotten by the first guy, and now I'm up in the air. And the second guy comes to pick me up, and, I mean, I absolutely just jump right over top of the guy and—*crash!!!*—jam it home, and we win the game." He closes his eyes, the better to soak up the supreme ecstasy of the moment.

"It feels so great, so wonderful," he says. "I hear them cheering for me."

Cheering just for him.

"And the best thing is," Barry says, "that they're not just cheering for me because I won the game. They're cheering for me because they like me. In my dream, the thing that's different is that they really like me." END

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On The Scene

by SAM MOSES

NEW SLANT ON THE SLOPES: TELEMARK SKIING, A MIX OF NORDIC ANO ALPINE

At an increasing number of ski areas, particularly in Colorado, skiers riding chair lifts occasionally look down and see other skiers, adorned in knickers and knee socks, daypacks slung on their backs, cutting S turns down the slope. As they weave, they flex one knee and then the other and spread their arms like wings. If they're good at it, they'll be so graceful they'll appear to be showing off; but if they're not, they'll be as comical as gooney birds attempting high-speed landings. And after these skiers have passed from sight, whether snaking or wobbling, the lift rider will likely wonder what those queer carryings-on were all about.

It's telemark skiing, so named for the knee-drop telemark turn that is the basis of the technique. But the turn is only a small part of the style, which has also been called Norpine, for telemark as it is done today is a mating of Nordic and Alpine techniques and equipment.

ILLUSTRATION BY NED LEVINE



People have been skiing downhill on cross-country skis—as well as uphill on downhill skis—for some time, but never very efficiently. Alpine skis are awkward for climbing because of their weight and the rigidity of the boots and bindings, and Nordic skis are wildly unstable down steep hills because they're so flexible and lack sharp edges. Telemark skis borrow from both; they're stiffened cross-country skis with steel edges. The result makes it possible to ski either on the slopes or into the back country: uphill or downhill or both. In March of 1982 an American expedition completed a circumnavigation of Mount Everest on skis, an impossible feat before the development of the new telemark equipment.

The telemark turn has been around for 120 years. It was invented by Norwegian jumper Sondre Norheim, who adapted the turn from the natural landing position of ski jumpers—one knee behind the other for stability, arms extended for balance. It was named after the Norwegian county that was then the center for jumping, and it remained the basic downhill ski maneuver for 70 years, until the parallel turn came along in the 1930s and changed everything.

Credit for the rediscovery and subsequent stylization of telemarking is generally given to Rick Borkovec, who in 1971 was a ski patrolman at Colorado's Crested Butte Mountain Resort, where he used Nordic equipment on search and rescue and avalanche-control missions. He had taught himself the telemark technique through trial and error and from a mental picture retained since boyhood of an old Norwegian skier he'd watched make telemark turns. His fellow ski patrolmen, skeptical at first—actually, they thought he was kind of weird—soon noticed that Borkovec was getting around with a lot less effort than they were, especially when they had to wear packs. Soon half the Crested Butte ski patrol was experimenting with the telemark turn. And today, Crested Butte remains the hottest telemarking center spot in the country.

The hybrid style required hybrid equipment. In 1975 Borkovec encouraged a designer for the small Trucker Ski Company, Al Burnham, to make the prototype for what is now called the telemark ski. That year Trucker sold 300 pairs; last year, the Phoenix Ski Corporation, of which Burnham is a part owner, sold 1,500 pairs and still couldn t meet the demand, largely because the two Phoenix models, Wilderness—used on the Everest expedition—and Torsioncomp, are handmade. More than 20 other manufacturers now make telemark skis.

Telemarkers accept, of course, that taking three hours to traverse up a hill and 15 minutes to ski down it may not be everyone's idea of fun. But they don't worry about everyone. Nor do they worry about lift lines or the sky-high prices that must be paid for the privilege of standing in them. Says one dedicated Crested Butte telemarker, "The thing I like best about telemark skiing is that in May and June, when the lifts are shut down, your season is just beginning. You get yourself a set of climbing skins for your skis, and you can traverse up any old slope, wearing gear that's one-third as heavy as Alpine. The trick is getting to the top early in the morning and then waiting up there until the sun warms the snow and turns it into corn [granulated springtime snow that Western skiers cherish]. Then you do figure eights all the way down, all by yourself."

One of the biggest madcap events in Crested Butte, a town full of such goings-on, is an annual telemark race called the Al Johnson Memorial Uphill-Downhill. A century ago, Al Johnson was a mail carrier whose route was over Schofield Pass from Crested Butte to Crystal, and around town they love him for that.

The Johnson is held on the 45-degree North Face and on Rachel's traverse. The race begins on Rachel's with a 400-vertical-foot traverse to the top and ends on North Face with a banzai charge down an avalanche path to the finish line, 1,200 vertical feet below. It takes the winner about seven minutes to run the race—and seven days to recover from it.

There's also telemark slalom racing, with series in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Canada and the Midwest. In March, 150 of the best skiers from those series gathered at Crested Butte for the North American Telemark Championships, and four of the top six men's finishers were from the host town. The winner was Dave Hazeltine of Keystone, Colo.

Crested Butte, elevation 8,856 feet, is nestled at the end of a long valley rich in resources ranging from elk to oil shale. Cold and dry and snowy to the extreme in winter, Crested Butte attracts only the hardiest of settlers. On starry, subzero nights the air smells of wood smoke, and the streets are patrolled by big, friendly dogs—golden retrievers, St. Bernards, Norwegian elkhounds, Newfoundlands, Labradors.

Crested Butte is known for both its

continued

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character and its characters. One of the more notable is Jack Kelly Marcial, 38, a.k.a. Blackjack, a.k.a. Madman Marcial, originator of the "ski-to-die" technique, his reckless personal style. As wiry as they come, at 5′ 8″ and 150 pounds, Blackjack has a roundish nose, an unruly auburn beard and a single gold snowflake in his left earlobe. Of the long winters in "the Butte" he says, "I could go from here to New Zealand, back and forth, just skipping between winters for the rest of my life. I could go without summer forever."

The facetious "ski-to-die" tag notwithstanding, Marcial is an experienced and respected professional guide. A carpenter in the summer, in the winter he works hard as president of the Crested Butte Search and Rescue team. He's also a member of the Colorado First Tracks helicopter rescue unit and takes his duties as an emergency medical technician seriously. His house reflects his propensity for looking after people: one upstairs bedroom has four bunks in one corner, suggesting an open-door policy for skiers, hikers and mountaineers.

One morning early last April, Marcial sat in his kitchen looking out the window. Only the crosspiece of his neighbor's swing set was visible above the snow. On the floor were two full backpacks, stuffed for a tour on which he was about to take a client: roughly 25 miles over Pearl Pass to Aspen. Marcial sighed at the thought of the 45-pound packs. Then he got an idea—you could tell from his sneaky grin.

"Thor! Loki!" Marcial called his dogs, 3-year-old Thor, a Doberman, and 12-year-old Loki, a black Labrador. In Norse mythology, Thor and Loki are brothers, Thor the god of thunder and Loki the god of mischief. But in naming the dogs Marcial figures he got it backward. Loki the Lab, conqueror of 25 14,000-foot peaks, is the no-nonsense, authoritative dog and hasn't been very mischievous since he was a puppy. Thor is most unthunderous, in fact, the Doberman is downright wimpy. And he had never been on a ski tour. Marcial decided it was about time Thor went to work. An hour later the four of them—Marcial, the client, Thor and Loki—were headed toward Pearl Pass, the dogs bearing the packs.

It is 25 air miles between Crested Butte and Aspen; by highway it's 260. In summer people hike, Jeep, motorcycle and bicycle over the Elk Range, which separates the towns. In winter they telemark and cross-country. Pearl Pass, elevation 12,705 feet, affords a spectacular view of the Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wilderness Area, topped by 14,265-foot Castle Peak. The Pearl Pass Jeep road is considered the most rugged in the Elk Range and is sometimes snow-covered 11 months a year. Pearl is the safest route when avalanche danger is high, which is why Marcial chose it. It had been just three days since the avalanche that killed seven people in Alpine Meadows, near Lake Tahoe (SI, April 19, 1982).

It is a trip that demands respect. Early that winter a skier tried the pass alone and was never seen again. "Some hiker will find him this summer, his hand sticking out of a snowbank somewhere," Marcial said. Which is exactly what happened. Marcial helped bring the body back in mid-August.

It took two days for the foursome to reach Aspen. The tour was a good one; it was just exhausting enough, about the average telemark ratio: 1½ days up, the skiers sidestepping and using skins much of the way, and half a day down, a struggle over choppy, wind-crusted snow.

But the weather was excellent; Marcial got a sunburn on his back going shirtless the first afternoon. There were no avalanches, not so much as a rumble, and Marcial was even able to speak by radio with his wife, Doreen, 8½ months pregnant, before crawling into his snow cave for the first night. Today they are the parents of 1-year-old Victoria.

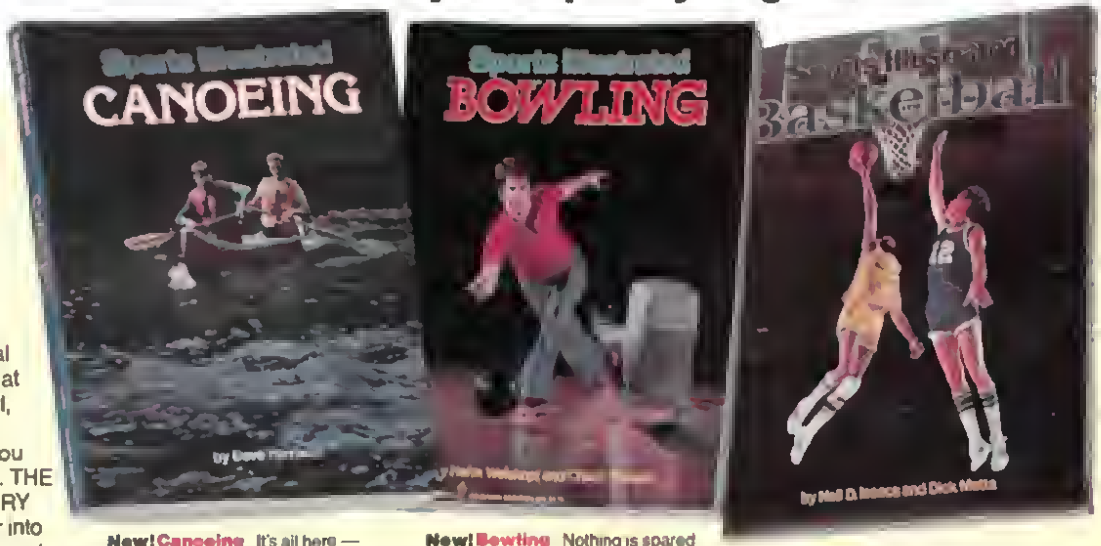
Thor and Loki came through like champs. True, on the final afternoon they did get reluctant and stopped in their tracks like stubborn donkeys until coaxed along. Marcial was especially proud of Loki, the grayheard. And Thor showed promise on his first trek, if one overlooked the time he sneaked off behind a tree, shook off his pack and buried it. Thor certainly got the biggest thrill of the trip. On the ridge at the top of the pass, a gust of about 80 knots picked him up and spun him around backward. "Scared him silly," said Marcial. "After that, he was practically useless."

Exhausted and tired and dirty, Marcial gathered Moosehead beer in his beard while standing at the bar of Aspen's Hotel Jerome at the end of an especially enjoyable telemark trip. It had been what the technique is all about, and it certainly was a whole lot more fun than standing in lift lines. **END**

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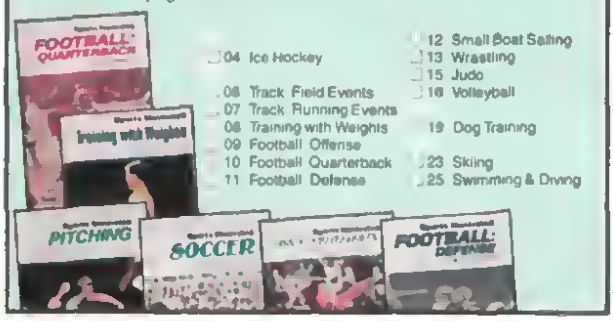
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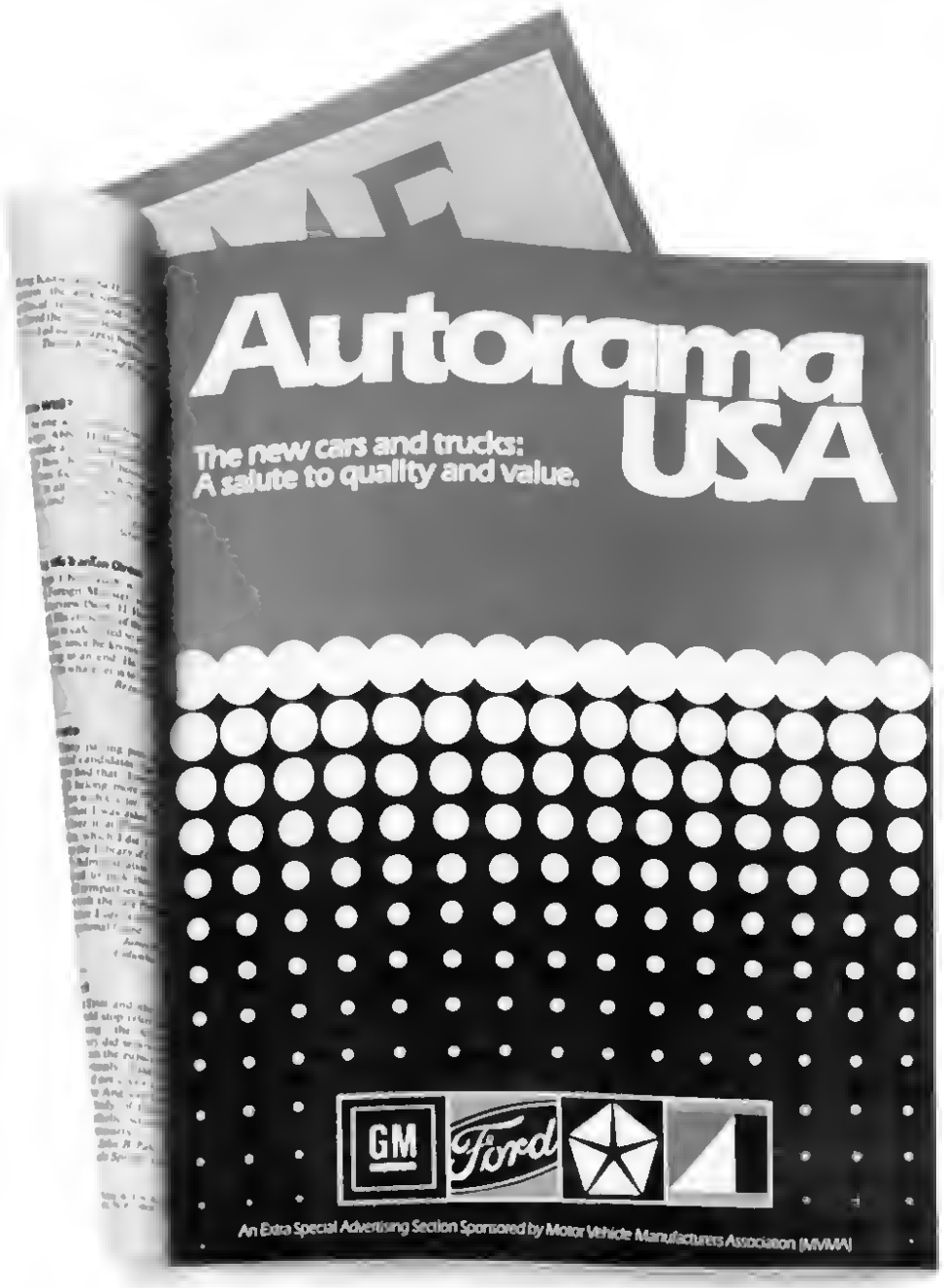
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 11-17

Compiled by FRANZ LIDZ

PRO BASKETBALL—Call it a Knickerbocker bench press because that's what New York used to jerk an NBA Eastern Conference playoff berth away from Washington. Dead even with the Bullets at the start of the week, the Knicks relied on their second unit in wins over New Jersey (108–100) and Detroit (100–83). After the Nets had opened a 12-point lead in the first quarter, New York Coach Hubie Brown sent in his reinforcements, who outscored the Nets' subs 41–7. Two nights later against the Pistons, the Knicks' reserves prevailed again, 47–22. Meanwhile, the Bullets beat Atlantic titlist Philadelphia 95–76 as the league's top rebounder, Moses Malone, never left the Sixers' bench. But the Bullets' shot in the dark ricocheted away for good in a 97–90 loss to Central Division winner Milwaukee. Denver won the Western Conference's final playoff berth by defeating Kansas City 125–116 on the last day of the regular season. Alex English, whose 28.4 scoring average led the NBA, popped in 31 in the win. Midwest Division champ San Antonio made some Pacific overtures, sweeping past the winner of that division, Los Angeles, twice in three hours. The first win (117–114) was the finish of a Nov. 30 suspended game that had been protested. The second (114–109) was won on Binks's shots, as the Spurs' Gene Banks deposited 19 of 22 shots and withdrew with a career-high 44 points. By losing 132–124 in overtime to Cleveland, Indiana made the finals of the Ralph Sampson Derby (*page 28*).

BOWLING—ART TRASK rolled nine straight strikes and beat Earl Anthony 275–202 to win the $120,000 Fair Lanes Open in Baltimore.

DANA MILLER scored a 247–200 victory over Aleta Rzepecki to win the $50,000 U.S. Women's Open in Chesterfield, Mo.

DIVING—At the U.S. indoor championships in Indianapolis, GREG LOUGANIS won the one- and three-meter springboard events and BRUCE KIMBALL was the 10-meter platform titlist. Among the women, MEGAN NEYER won her third straight three-meter crown and her second consecutive one-meter championship. WENDY WYLAND won the platform title for the second year in a row.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL: Two weeks ago New Jersey Wide Receiver Mike Friede suffered such a bad concussion in the Generals' 21–6 loss to Michigan that he couldn't recall his team's horrendous second half. Last week New Jersey played Washington and it was Federals Kicker Ken Olson who could have used an excuse to forget. With eight seconds remaining, Olson shanked a 33-yarder and Washington lost the game to boot, 23–22. Herschel Walker had two touchdowns and picked up 142 yards on 28 carries to tie Kelvin Bryant of Atlantic Division-leading Philadelphia (*page 26*) for the league rushing lead. Brian Speelman of Pacific Division front-runner Denver missed a 52-yard field goal in the closing seconds with the Gold trailing 7–6. But he was roughed on the play, and the refs awarded him another try. His second attempt, from 50 yards, cleared the uprights and Denver won 9–7. Arizona Quarterback Alan Risher said it with (Jackie) Flowers. He hit his favorite receiver with a 98-yard TD pass that capped a 22–21 come-from-behind victory over Washington. Michigan upended Chicago, 17–12, and Boston beat Arizona, 44–23.

GOLF—FUZZY ZOELLER shot a nine-under-par 275 to win the $350,000 Sea Pines Heritage Classic in Hilton Head, S.C. He finished two strokes ahead of Jim Nelford.

LYNN ADAMS won the $150,000 Orlando Classic with an eight-under-par 208. She edged JoAnne Carner and Janet Anderson by two strokes.

HOCKEY—No one on Edmonton was tidier than Left Wing Mark Messier. His four opening-game goals against Calgary led to a clean sweep of the Oilers' first three games in the best-of-seven series with the Flames. Wayne Gretzky had four goals and three assists in Game 3 to set a Stanley Cup single-game point record. There are Messiers, and then there are Tessiers. Orval Tessier, coach of Chicago, watched his Black Hawks play *What's My Line?* with Minnesota and take a two games to one lead over the North Stars. Chicago has relied on the high-scoring lines centered by Denis Savard and Darryl Sutter all season, when they couldn't find the net in the first game against the North Stars, a third line took up the slack. Curt Fraser, the left wing of that trio, broke a 2–2 tie on a deflected goal and Chicago won the opener 5–2. Unfortunately, Tessier never got to see the goal. "I'm only a short, fat fellow and I just saw the red light go on," he said. Boston's Pete Peeters, the league's top goalie during the regular season, peetered out in a 7–4 loss to Buffalo. He was far better in the next game, as the Bruins won 5–3. The Sabres then took a 2–1 lead in the series with a 4–3 victory as Mike Ramsey fired a 40-footer past Peeters for the winning goal. The Islanders ripped the Rangers 4–1 and 5–0 in the New Yorkers' opening two games, but the Rangers hung on to win the third game 7–6.

HORSE RACING—SUNNY'S HALO ($7.80), Eddie Delahoussaye up, beat Caveat by four lengths to win the $293,900 Arkansas Derby. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles at Oaklawn Park in 1:49⅘.

MARATHON—JOAN BENOIT shattered the women's world best by 2:47 with a time of 2:22:42 in the 87th Boston Marathon. GREG MEYER beat Rob Tabb by 32 seconds to win the race in 2:09:00.

The day before, GRETE WAITZ ran a 2:25:29 in the London Marathon to equal the previous women's world best, set by Allison Roe in 1981. MIKE GRATTON's 2:09:43 won the men's competition.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: The New York Arrows arched into the Eastern Division playoffs when Chicago beat fifth-place Pittsburgh 6–5 in overtime. With two games to play, Stan Stamenkovic of Memphis and Golden Bay's Steve Zungul were tied for the scoring title at 115. Stamenkovic seemed to have clinched the crown after scoring two goals and three assists against Cleveland. Zungul was held to a solitary goal the same night in a victory over Los Angeles. But in their final games, Stamenkovic was shut down at Buffalo and Zungul zinged across a goal and had five assists in a 10–9 loss to San Diego to gain his fifth straight crown.

SQUASH—MARK TALBOTT defeated John Nimick 15-5, 15-11, 16-17, 15-7 to win the $15,000 North American Open in Cleveland.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Carling Bassett 6-3, 2-6, 7-5 to win the $250,000 WTA Championships at Amelia Island, Fla.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED: By a federal jury, treble damages totaling $49.2 million to the Los Angeles Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum in an antitrust suit against the NFL, which had prevented the Raiders from moving to L.A. from Oakland.

CONVICTED: By a Passaic County (N.J.) Superior Court jury, TONY AYALA, 20, the WBC's No. 2-ranked junior middleweight, of aggravated sexual assault, threat to kill, burglary and possession of a knife. Ayala was found guilty of breaking into the unnamed 30-year-old victim's home and raping her.

REASSIGNED: By the Montreal Canadiens, Coach BOB BERRY, 39, after the Habs were eliminated in three games by Buffalo in the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. Berry had an 84–46–30 record in two seasons.

TRADED: By the New York Giants, Defensive End Gary Jeter, 28, to the Los Angeles Rams for two mid-range picks in this month's draft.

DIED: CARL MORTON, 39, the 1970 National League Rookie of the Year, after suffering a heart attack while jogging, in Tulsa. Morton was 87–92 in eight seasons as a pitcher for Montreal and Atlanta.

DAN McCLIMON, 41, who coached Wisconsin to this year's NCAA cross-country championships, of injuries sustained when his single-engine plane crashed in foggy weather during a recruiting trip, in Madison, Wis.

CREDITS

4—Tony Tr[illegible] 15—[illegible] by Sam Q. Weissman 20-22—John McDonough 23—Andy Hayt (top), John McDonough 24—John McDonough (top), Andy Hayt 25—John McDonough 29—Dan Grogan 30—Richard Carlson 39—Jerry Wachter 46—Walter Iooss Jr. (top), Phil Huber 50-54—Heinz Kluetmeier 64—Richard Mackson 66—Rick Raphael 75 76—John McDonough 78—George Tiedemann 81—[illegible] Shewchuk 84—[illegible] 90—Rick Raphael 91—Ron Kuch 93—UPI 94—Bob Hirschfeld 38—AP

FACES IN THE CROWD



MALCOLM KUYKENOALL
BELMONT, MISS.



MILTON KUYKENOALL
HICKORY FLAT, MISS.

Malcolm, 35, coached the Belmont High Lady Cardinals to their first state basketball title in 35 years. His 1976-77 boys' and 1980-81 and '81-82 girls' teams at Pine Grove High also won state crowns. His twin brother, Milton, who's married to Malcolm's wife's twin sister, coached the Hickory Flat High boys' team to the Class B championship. Their sister, Maxine Hall, 38, coaches girls' high school basketball in Birmingham. Their father, Ira, 70, was a basketball coach for 38 seasons.



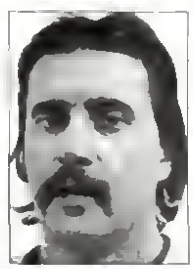
BRIAN WOOD
ASSAWOMAN

Brian, a senior attackman for the St. Mary's High lacrosse team, has amassed 152 goals and 135 assists in his four-year career. An All-American as a junior, he has led the Saints to a 47–3 record; all three of the losses were by a single goal.



ANGELA WILLIAMS
BRIDGEVILLE

Angela, 17, of the Flashette Track Club, broke her own national high school girls' marks in the 200 meters and 220 yards with times of 24.01 and 24.10, respectively. She has also run the third-best high school girls' 300 yards (35.26).



DAVE LAIR
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Lair, 25, a senior center for the Oswego (N.Y.) State hockey team, set ECAC Division II career records for points (352) and goals (166). Twice the ECAC Player of the Year, he also tied conference season standards in goals (48) and assists (63).



JOHN HUOSPETH
DALLAS

John, a fifth-grader at the St. Bernard School, recorded four firsts at the All-American age-group swimming meet, breaking his own 10-and-under 32.55 mark in the 50-yard backstroke with a 31.90 and winning the 50 fly and free and 100 free.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

PROTECTING BOXERS

Sir,

Thank you for a well-written, timely and important special report on boxing (*Too Many Punches, Too Little Concern,* April 11). The impartiality of the authors, Robert H. Boyle and Wilmer Ames, was refreshing, and the information given was clear and to the point. I have long enjoyed boxing and I don't think it should or ever will be banned, but medical questions such as the ones raised cannot be ignored. While all the evidence may not be in, enough has been found that the sport should consider more seriously how it can better protect its athletes.

I found it quite disturbing to read in Jeff Wheelwright's conversation with Muhammad Ali that Ali said, "Why do you want to check my brain? How about white boxers ... ?" Race is not the issue. The health of men who choose to be boxers is. That most boxers in the U.S. today are black, if racial terms must be used, should be all the more reason for Ali to be concerned with their welfare, in and out of the ring. Ali should realize that everyone's brain is the same color.

MARY FRIEDLIEB
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

I take issue with your statement, "But CAT scans and full neurological exams before and after fights aren't practical—nor, at $300 apiece, cost-efficient, given what the average boxer earns."

To cover the costs of these tests, boxing should set up a general medical fund to which a certain percentage—maybe 10%—would be contributed from every purse, so that every boxer could be tested before and after each fight.

RONALD J. ROGACKI
Lackawanna, N.Y.

Sir:

I have enjoyed your publication for years, and the only thing that has bothered me is the constant coverage you have given to boxing. Intentionally or not, you glorify the "sport" of trying to inflict brain damage on another human being every time you print an article on a boxing match. If enough people can become informed about the impact of boxing on many fighters—i.e., permanent brain damage—I think boxing will cease to be a popular sport.

BRONSON T. SWANSON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir,

Why would the politicians [Congress] want to take over boxing? They can't even balance the budget; how can they balance a fighter's brain? Come on, now, I've heard old boxers talk, and believe me, they make more sense than some politicians. James Watt, for instance. A man who has chosen to fight is like somebody who has chosen to smoke—he knows what he's getting into.

There is something, however, that needs to be looked into that your EEGs and CAT scans can't see. It's the King-Arum-WBC-WBA-TV executives' mismatches.

GREGG GORE
Topeka, Kans.

Sir:

As a law student I have been taught to seek the truth. I have also learned in the course of my short life that the truth is at times better left unspoken.

I consider Muhammad Ali a great hero. He taught a whole generation a compelling lesson in courage, desire and achievement. It seems clear to anyone who has seen him recently that he is not the same man that he was. And yet he continues to stand tall among the great athletes of our time. I, and I suspect many others, would prefer that his image remain as untarnished as possible. Boxing has problems, and articles like yours are most necessary. I ask only that you consider allowing me to keep my memories of Ali. I much prefer to recall him floating like a butterfly.

JIM GRIEN
New York City

Sir:

Recently my wife and I enjoyed the privilege of watching Muhammad Ali dance and shuffle his way through a six-round boxing exhibition. We had a memorable evening and were thoroughly entertained by his skill, his agility and, most of all, his sense of humor. Our good time seemed to be shared by all in attendance. Therefore, you can imagine how surprised I was to find out that Ali may have brain damage. Of course, until a CAT scan confirms a 50% reduction in his neurological capacity, this great champion will still enjoy an unfair advantage when it comes to matching wits with his critics.

BARRY TESAR
San Jose, Calif.

BENJIE AND LOUIS

Sir,

After reading Frank Deford's article on the Benjamin Davis-Louis Wade bout (*An Encounter to Last an Eternity,* April 11), I began thinking about boxing and the article's last line, "What a shame it was that the two boys ... never knew each other except for two minutes and 57 seconds one night in a boxing ring, pummeling each other's face in the haze, for the roar of the crowd and something dark in all our souls."

I have always loved boxing. When I was a little boy, I used to read stories about boxing's legends—Johnson, Dempsey, Louis, Robinson, Marciano, Ali—and they became my heroes. However, it is absolutely disgusting to me that six boxers, some of them only two or three years older than I, were killed in 1982. Your article showed me the true sport of boxing. It's not the glamorous million-dollar fights we see on television. It's a dirty, cheap "sport," improperly controlled and supervised. Too many people get killed and no one seems to know or care! If a doctor had examined Benjie before his fight, he probably would not have been allowed to fight and might be alive today. If radical changes are not brought about to regulate boxing and make it safer, I think that without question it should be banned.

DAVID STEINBERG
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir,

Your story about Benjie and Louis was not only tragic, but also unfortunately too real. You noted that both were wearing protective headgear when Benjie was fatally injured. This proves that no matter how many precautions are taken, boxing can still be a terrible sport. Although boxing has had its great champions, I fail to see the good in purposely trying to harm another man, especially when there is the danger of actually killing him to please a crowd.

TOM FITZPATRICK
Sacramento

Sir:

SI, you've done it again. In the same issue you've given us a scientific view of boxing (*Too Many Punches, Too Little Concern*) and an emotional, live view of the sport (*An Encounter to Last an Eternity*). You have taken a stand—not "for the roar of the crowd," but for something *bright* within all our souls!

KEN KASHNER
Kinsman, Ohio

NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS

Sir,

As a Houston fan, I commend Curry Kirkpatrick on his coverage of the Cougars' loss to North Carolina State in the NCAA championship finals (*State Had the Stuff,* April 11). What no one expected to happen happened. Houston lost—and in a most painful way. After reading the sports pages, I was afraid to open SI and read more "lynch Guy Lewis" articles. But Kirkpatrick's simple questioning of Lewis' tactics and his giving credit to the Cougars' outstanding performance in the semifinals reflected respectable sports jour-

continued

Reminiscence

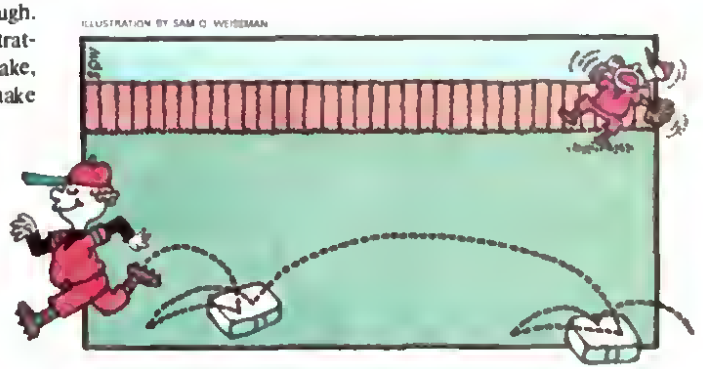
by BILL STIEG

AT HIS BEST, THIS YOUNG LARCENIST PUT OPPONENTS IN DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Ball four wasn't even close. It often wasn't in our league for 11- and 12-year-olds. I tried to contain my excitement as I tossed away the bat, a 30-inch Dick McAuliffe model, and trotted to first.

My heart pounded. I hardly heard my coach, who was standing in the first-base box, speak. He didn't know what I was up to, anyway. No one suspected—not my teammates, not the pitcher, not the catcher, not my father and mother, standing nearby. I had that sweaty-handed feeling a kid gets when he's about to do something he's not supposed to do.

"You're on your own," the coach said. He'd been saying that since the day I'd first pulled off a delayed steal, breaking his rule about not stealing without a sign, but establishing myself as a hustler. We all know what a hustler is—someone who can't hit. Or shoot. Or block. He can usually run, though. He'll know the rules, the strategies, the right play to make, even if he can't always make it. Hustling is the only way you can survive in athletics when you're shorter and scrawnier than others your age.



Mark Milaud, for example, never had to hustle. Mark was well-built, well-coordinated and nearly impossible to beat in any sports competition. He was the star pitcher, the forward with the smooth moves, the quarterback with a cool head and a keen eye, a man among seventh-graders. He had to unbutton his cuffs to take off his shirt. Thin-wristed 12-year-olds notice such things. Mark was strong and talented. But even Mark never stole two bases on one pitch.

Our league allowed no leadoffs. Base runners could not leave the bag until the ball crossed the plate, in deference to limp-armed catchers already encumbered with oversized protective gear. This rule hampered me, a classic good-field no-hit shortstop, because my only weapon was speed. Several games earlier, however, I'd circumvented the league rule and our coach's policy with a delayed steal, strolling oh-so-casually off base after the pitch, then lighting out for second as the catcher started his toss back to the mound. This sudden move startled my coach and brought shouts of alarm from the infielders. But the ball was already arcing lazily back to the pitcher, who, by the time he got it, could only turn and watch me slide into second. In another game the catcher pumped three times, waiting for the shortstop to cover, and the ball arrived far too late. Another time it rolled harmlessly out of his hand as he tried to stop his throwing motion. I was onto something.

Stealing two bases on one pitch would be striking a blow for those at the bottom of the batting order. It would be the kind of accomplishment that would linger in the memory of a hustler who never hit .300 and whose only "home run" was a double extended by two throwing errors.

The few highlights in my hopelessly frustrating athletic career were attributable to my running ability and a certain measure of alertness. Though I never scored a point in three years as a last-string junior high basketball player, I once started a game, thanks to speed and cunning. Our coach, angry at the team for a lack of—you guessed it—hustle, announced a series of wind sprints to decide the next game's starting five. My heart leapt. Except for the team's regular guards, I knew I could beat most anyone on the roster. So I held back in the first two races, conserving energy while those two speedsters won, then turned it on for the third sprint to win by a step.

The rueful coach had to let me start. The first time I touched the ball, putting it in play after my man scored, my teammates all ran downcourt, no doubt confused by the new lineup. Anxiously waiting for one of them to respond to my cries, I stepped on the inbounds line. From there it only got worse.

So that summer evening on the ball field remains my fondest athletic memory. I'd planned the play for days, and everything was falling into place. Nobody else on base, an unsuspecting pitcher was on the mound, and Jeff was behind the plate. Jeff, an excitable sort, was a year younger than I but a little bigger. For some long-forgotten reason, he was a neighborhood rival and embarrassing him held particular appeal for me.

I leaned toward second, my back foot still touching the bag, as the rules dictated. The first pitch was a ball. I walked off the bag, testing the water. Jeff didn't even glance my way as he lobbed the ball back to the pitcher. He shifted the bulky chest protector and resumed his crouch. I retreated to first.

The next pitch was another ball. I strolled away from the base, five feet, 10 feet, 15 feet, watching as Jeff routinely cocked his arm and started to throw. I took off, pumping my arms, hearing shouts and seeing the shortstop and second baseman converge. But the ball never arrived and I cruised in standing up, looking over my shoulder at home plate, where Jeff stood, ball in hand, arguing with the umpire.

Without pausing once, I rounded the bag, walking and watching. Jeff continued to complain, slightly turning his back to the infield. The third baseman, distracted by the ruckus at home, stood several yards from base. When Jeff finally shrugged and began to toss the ball back to the pitcher, I took off again and sailed into third, sliding for effect, though again there was no throw. I dusted myself off and couldn't help smiling as I looked at Jeff, mask off now, glaring speechlessly at the ump, who was also smiling as he shrugged and turned away.

I didn't score, and we lost the game, but I'd pulled off a one-man double steal. In the twilight the bats made a familiar sound as we slipped them into a large canvas bag. My coach came up, bases under his arm, and smiled. "I'm glad you didn't tell me what you were going to do," he said. "Good hustle." END

MW3

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nalism. Also, thanks for not putting a big picture of Jim Valvano on the cover. He's a Wolf(pack) in sheep's clothing.

FRANZ HELIN
Houston

Sir:

After seeing your good cover, I was surprised to read an article that told more about how Houston lost than about how North Carolina State won. It was hard for me to see N.C. State defeat so many fine opponents and yet receive only half the credit it deserved in many newspapers across the country. It was even harder for me to believe Curry Kirkpatrick's statement, "Even the most rabid Cinderella lover had to recognize that Houston gave away this championship just as surely as the Wolfpack took it."

Kirkpatrick should know that games are never, ever given away, however, opportunities *are* given and N.C. State did have to make baskets at its end to come back from a seven-point deficit and win.

BARRY L. PENNELL
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's suggestion that N.C. State was given the game is a great disservice to the State players and Jim Valvano, whose coaching was brilliant throughout the tournament. I believe SI owes the team and the coach an apology.

MARK BAGLEY
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Shhhhhhhh! One of the best-kept secrets in college basketball has yet to be revealed. Teams from the South have been steadily taking over the Final Four. In 1980, only one Southern team, Louisville, made it. In 1981, three-fourths of the teams were from the Sun Belt: North Carolina, Virginia and Louisiana State. And in the past two years *every* team has been Southern: North Carolina, Louisville, Houston and Georgetown—a Southern school to me if not to everyone—in 1982, and North Carolina State, Houston, Georgia and Louisville in 1983.

ELSON ARMSTRONG JR.
Durham, N.C.

NOT INVOLVED

Sir:

In discussing the addition of Vin Scully to NBC's *Game of the Week* telecast and the reassigning of Tony Kubek (TV/RADIO, April 4), William Taaffe stated, "The decision to demote Kubek was made by network executives in concert with agents," adding, "Kubek didn't help his cause by having Joe Garagiola Jr. as his agent." In fact, I had ceased to represent Kubek in the fall of 1981, many months before there were any reports of Scully possibly moving to NBC. Taaffe's implication that I was actively involved as Kubek's representative when NBC began its efforts to sign Scully is totally false.

JOSEPH H. GARAGIOLA JR.
Phoenix

• In an interview with Kubek by SI on Feb. 15, 1983 Kubek said, "During the World Series, during the Scully thing, I really didn't know what was going on. I was letting my agent, Joe Jr., find out these things." It was on this, and other statements by Kubek, that SI based its comments. Last week in a letter to SI, however, Kubek confirmed that Joe Garagiola Jr. has not actively represented him since September of 1981 and therefore had "no bearing whatsoever on NBC's decision to pair his dad and Vin Scully, and Bob Costas and me."—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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